NEW YORK CLIPPER

OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864. | VOL. XII.—No. 4. PRICE SIX CENTS.

THE FANCY'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BOOTHROYD FAIRCLOUGH.

Now tell us, Heenan, if you know,
You *fairly* lost the mill with King,
Or if that backer fixed it so
That it was quite the other thing?
It could not be a British blow
Laid all your stalwart prowess low!

Alas! my boy, you cannot tell
The rumors that we fain would scout;
One, that the fight was all a sell,
Racks half the "fancy" worse than gout;
Another says 'twas only King
Whose fibbing was not quite the thing.

A thousand volumes might be filled
With what is said about you both,
But sports declare the claret spilled
Was chiefly all of Yankee growth!
Yet every story, Jack, is foggy,
Why you led off so very groggy.

Come, tell us now just how it was,
And all the muscle men will swear
You never lost the mill, because
He did not lick you on the square!
Ah! come, Benish, now spit it out,
And thus relieve a nation's doubt!

We'd like to get your honors back
And make you chieftain of the ring,
But tell us how to do it, Jack—
Your victor is a British King!
Some say you punch'd him like a Titan,
But oh! Benish, it's more than I can!

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER THE LINDENS.

About a mile beyond Farborough—that is to say, a mile further from London—was a little house, white-washed and green-trellised, standing back some distance from the road, and approached by a neat avenue of linden trees. It was called "Linden Cottage." Every one knew it. No traveller could have asked the smallest boy in Farborough the way to the cottage without being sure of a correct reply. Not that Mr. Mackenzie was much known. He was a quiet man. He had saved a considerable amount of money when in business in London; but had made no acquaintances, and had apparently chosen a town like Farborough for a residence, because it was unlikely he would be called upon to mix in society there.

So when Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie and their only daughter arrived at Linden Cottage, the people knew that they had come, but that was all. For some reason or another, Mr. Mackenzie was very reserved, and not only did not mix in society, but refused to be more than ordinarily civil to any one.

There was one person in the household, however, who soon acquired a sort of celebrity in the neighborhood. This was not Mrs. Mackenzie. She was a nonenity. It was their daughter, Flora Mackenzie. She was a bright, merry girl, about eighteen, with dark hair, and deep hazel eyes—hair and eyes which sparkled in the sunlight. She was the pride of the place. She visited the poor, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, flitting from one point to another, and bringing joy wherever she made her appearance. Her parents, proud of her, as well they might be, placed no obstacle in the way of her movements, but supplied her with the means of benevolence.

On the evening on which we introduce her to our readers, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie were seated in their front room which overlooked the lawn. They were talking of Flora.

"We are acting selfishly towards the dear girl," said Mrs. Mackenzie. "We keep her here day after day, week after week, month after month, without seeing any one except those whom she meets in her journeys of benevolence."

Mr. Mackenzie started.

"What more does she want?" he asked, as he removed from his mouth the long stem of a Turkish pipe he was smoking.

Mrs. Mackenzie laughed.

"Well, Darby," she cried, "that is a curious question to ask, particularly in your case. Do you think the girl never desires to get married? Do you think when we die she wants to lead a lonely, miserable life? Why should she wish this more than we did at her age?"

Darby Mackenzie smiled.

"There's good truth in that, wife," he said; "but I don't think the girl has ever thought about marriage as yet."

"Nor I, either; but it is time we thought of it, or we shall find some day that she is gone off with some idle fellow who has nothing to support her with, and may, perhaps, ill-treat her."

Darby Mackenzie shook his head.

"No, no, Emily," he said, confidently; "no, no! Flora will never do that. I know her too well. She will never cause us to blush for her—never will scrape acquaintance with any one without informing us of it."

As he spoke, a light step was heard approaching along the linden avenue. He rose, and gazed out. It was Flora.

"Here she is!" cried her father; and as he uttered the word, she entered the room.

She looked especially lovely, for an unusually bright glow was on her cheek.

"Why, Flora, my dear, where have you been?" cried her mother, laughing. "You are as red as a peony."

Flora blushed still more deeply.

"I was frightened as I came along," she faltered.

"Frightened! By whom?"

"By the gipsies."

"The rascals!" cried Darby Mackenzie. "I've seen them prowling about here a good deal. By heavens! if I find them robbing me as they have been robbing our neighbors, they shall swing for it!"

Flora turned deadly pale.

Her father noticed it.

"What ails you, Flora?" he said.

"Nothing, dear father," she answered; "only you spoke of robbers, and you know how very nervous I am."

With these words she left the room, hurried to her own chamber, and, fastening the door, gave vent to a grief which seemed to have been long pent up.

Half an hour before this she had started from a house at the extreme end of the town, and passed rapidly along the road towards home. When she had gone half the distance she glanced rapidly from right to left to see if she was watched. Then she turned off from the high road, and darted down into a deep dell, which was overshadowed by dense foliage. In the centre of this dell was the trunk of a tree which once had suffered from the shafts of the withering lightning, and had now but here and there a green twig to show that life, unwilling to leave its ancient tenement, still lingered in it.

Into a hollow in the side of this tree she thrust her hand, and drew forth a tiny letter. With an exclamation of joy, she opened and read it.

It ran thus:—

"To-night, at twelve, dearest Flora, I will meet you in the Linden Avenue. I choose that place, because I am watched everywhere, and it is unlikely they will seek me there. I have much to tell you. Pray come.

"BAMFYLDE."

"The Linden Avenue," murmured Flora, as she concealed the letter in her bosom. "How can he choose a place so near my home? He will be destroyed forever if he comes there; yet how—how can I prevent him? Better be found with me than there alone."

The thought crossed her mind, for a moment, that she might prevent this danger by seeking the gipsy tents, yet she feared to go there—feared to be seen issuing from among the rude marauders.

"Since he is so imprudent, he must come," she murmured, "and I must protect him."

It may be imagined, then, with what alarm she had heard her father's words.

The gipsies had been active of late. At least, so report said. Robberies had been committed on every side. Shops broken into, farm-houses pillaged and farm-yards stripped, private residences entered, and money and jewels carried off: these were certain evidences that the spirit of plunder was abroad. Yet where, no one knew, though all surmised. The constables had warned the gipsies and visited their tents. They had searched their rude homes and their persons. Yet what did they find? Nothing but provisions lawfully bought in the town. No jewels, no money, beyond a few coins.

Mr. Mackenzie, who had a horror of thieves—a terror beyond that of others, because he generally kept a large sum of money in the house, was one of the most inveterate enemies of the gipsies. Their name was ever on his lips. Yet he never had noticed that whenever he spoke of them, Flora's cheek flushed and paled, and she refused to enter into the argument. Had he observed it, however, he would scarcely have attributed it to the right cause. He had, as his wife had told him, never thought of marriage in connexion with Flora, and certainly would not have conceived it possible that she could have loved a gipsy.

The evening passed—night came. The family retired to rest. The country was still, and the trees waved over a deserted highway. In Linden Cottage, and in the house next to it, the lights were extinguished. As the clock struck twelve, Flora emerged from the house, and took her way towards the Linden Avenue. She was dressed in very dark clothes, and passed along like a shadow. Near the gate she stopped, and another figure emerged from behind a tree.

He was a tall, well-built fellow, and any one who had once seen him would have recognised him as the young gipsy who had saved Alice Wentworth Carew from Mark and Nebe Durant.

He pressed the young girl to his heart fondly, and kissed her.

"Ah! Flora," he said, "this is most kind! I almost feared you would not come."

Flora smiled.

"I always come," she murmured. "Yet why choose this place—so near home—so open to detection?"

The gipsy kissed her again.

"The less likelihood of their seeking me here," he said; "but our time is short, and I must speak of other things. The robberies in this neighborhood have excited so much suspicion that we are the objects of the most rigorous surveillance. I can go nowhere without being watched; and we are about to leave this place."

Flora clung to him more closely.

"Going to leave me?" she murmured. "Do not say that!"

"Yes, indeed, I must; but only for a time. When I return, dear Flora, I shall, I trust, be in a far different position. As a gipsy I can never hope to gain your hand. The day will come when I can claim it as a gentleman."

"And your secret, dear Bamfylde," said Flora—"the secret which you promised to tell me?"

A cloud crossed the gipsy's brow.

"That I cannot tell you," he said; "at least, not yet. I *have* a secret; but to tell it to any one—*even* to you—would be to destroy my chance of success for ever. I have now in my hands a weapon of offence which I shall use, and use soon. I shall make the migration of the tribe my opportunity of action."

"And when will you return, dear Bamfylde?" asked the girl.

"Soon—very soon."

Would he have said this and smiled so confidently had he known the danger threatening them both. Had he known that at that very moment the hand of fate was hovering over him, would he have breathed those words of hope? The whole time that Flora had spent gazing at her lover's letter in the dell by the roadside, eyes had been watching her. Eyes which glanced with admiration mingled with a kind of hatred, at her exquisite form—with cruel malignity at the letter she drew from the tree—with fierce passion as they watched her kiss the missive and place it in her bosom. And now those same eyes were watching the lovers. Peering through the leaves, greedily devouring their every action; while the eagerly listening ears devoured their words. The lovers dreamed not of danger. Absorbed in contemplation of one another, meaning no ill to any, they could not conceive what diabolical plot was being hatched against them. Bamfylde spoke again.

"Remember, Flora," he said—"remember that I cannot tell the exact period when I shall return. Let me not come back and hear rumors of your love for Herbert Lennox—that white-faced coward, who is my curse now, and would be my shame could I think he was my rival!"

The tears filled Flora's eyes.

"Do you trust me so little, then?" she said, sobbing wildly, "that you can believe me ready to be unfaithful to you at the slightest temptation?"

"No, dear one! I do not believe your heart would be unfaithful to me; but your beauty is great, and women are apt to flirt. Never mind, dear one; I will say no more!"

She clung to him, but did not speak. Suddenly they started.

There was a glare of torches along the high road, and the hurrying of many feet.

"Fly!" cried Bamfylde, as he snatched a last embrace. "Fly, or we shall be discovered!"

The girl darted away quickly along the Linden Avenue, and was soon within the house. Bamfylde, the White Gipsy, stepped out into the road unfearingly—unflinchingly. Strange fate which on that night joined his fortunes so closely to Wentworth Carew!

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAGE.

The White Gipsy had no sooner passed through the little gate and entered the road, when he was surrounded by a loudly murmuring throng, whose eager faces were shown up in vivid contrast by the glaring torches.

"We have him."

"Here he is—the thief!"

"Seize him—bind him, or he'll run away."

Such were the expressions which were freely bandied about, while Bamfylde stood gazing at them in disdainful astonishment.

"What is this, my good people?" he cried. "Are you looking for a witch, that ye are out here in the middle of night, disturbing honest people in their beds?"

A derisive laugh answered him.

"Honest people!" cried one. "Hear him talk! No, we're not looking for a witch—we're after a thief, and we've got him!"

"You'd better keep him then!" exclaimed Bamfylde, "and let me pass. I am late, and wish to return to the tents."

"Enough of this folly," cried a gruff voice, as a constable advanced—"enough of this. I have to arrest you, Bamfylde, on a charge of robbery."

"And who is my accuser?" exclaimed the gipsy, proudly.

"I am," said a young man, advancing. "The house of Mr. Fairfax, just above here, has been broken into this night. I saw you creeping away from that direction and glide into the Linden Avenue. Then I heard voices, and I went at once and informed the constables. Mr. Fairfax is a friend of mine, and I had a right to think of protecting his property."

Bamfylde eyed him contemptuously.

"Wretched cur!" he said—"wretched cur! so it is to you I owe this foul wrong! I am innocent of this robbery, and fear nothing. So lead on—I will go with you. You will live to repent this, Herbert Lennox."

The young man whom he addressed as Herbert Lennox was of medium height, with red hair and whiskers, and small, twinkling eyes. The people glanced involuntarily from accuser to accused, and made a comparison which was far from favorable to the former. They were convinced, however, that Bamfylde was guilty, and followed him in delighted crowds as he was marched off to the "cage." Here he was securely placed until the morrow, while one of the constables was dispatched to watch the proceedings of the tribe.

The latter crept along until he found himself on a point overlooking the glen, and where he was screened from observation. Hardly had he esconced himself in safety, when a gipsy arrived, in hot haste, to announce the arrest of Bamfylde. The news sent a thrill of consternation through the camp, and in less than twenty minutes a conference had been held and a decision come to. They would strike their tents and depart from the neighborhood. This grateful intelligence the constable departed with, and in half an hour after his departure the gipsies were *en route*, some on foot, some on their wiry, wild-looking horses, with the tents and the baggage. There were several dissentients to this arrangement. It was considered by the younger part of the community that it was cowardly and disgraceful to leave Bamfylde behind; and the march had not proceeded many minutes before four young men, who had been in deep consultation, made a halt.

"What is it now, my children?" cried the old crone into whose care Bamfylde had given the young girl, and who now led her by the hand.

"We are going back to save Bamfylde," said one of them.

"Foolish boy!" exclaimed the woman; "he is a white man—he is not of our people. Why risk your lives for him?"

"We risk not our lives," said the young man; "we shall save him, and burn the cage. Then we will mount our horses, and away."

"And we, who have no horses,—what shall we do?"

"We will bring horses for you."

So saying, the four gipsies wheeled round, and departed. Their first visit was not to the cage.

In a field near were ten or a dozen horses belonging to a farmer. These, in less than half an hour, were collected together, and driven down the road towards the spot where the gipsies had made a temporary halt. Those who were to push forward then mounted, and passed along the high road at a rapid pace, the little girl sitting in front of the old crone, trembling, and in tears. Meanwhile, the four young gipsies, armed with guns, dashed back towards Farborough. If the reader has ever seen the cage in the Harrow Road, where Jack Sheppard was immured, and from which he escaped in spite of bolts and bars, he can form a tolerably good idea of the cage at Farborough. It was a round, stumpy-looking edifice, with a door of considerable thickness, fastened by a variety of iron contrivances, which, though strong, were anything but triumphs of the blacksmith's art. It stood about five hundred yards from any habitation. On one side was an inn, on the other a farm-house, the two houses accordingly being more than half a mile apart.

On reaching the farm-house, one of the gipsies entered the yard cautiously, and creeping noiselessly up to a hayrick, brought away an armful; another fetched a truss of straw; and when each of the four had his load before him, they once more advanced. When, however, they approached the cage, they stopped, and tied their horses to a tree.

Then they advanced noiselessly along the grass, which skirted the footway.

They reached the cage.

All was still.

"Hist, Bamfylde!" cried one of them.

There was no answer.

"Hist, Bamfylde, I say!" repeated the gipsy. "We have come to save you."

There was still no answer.

"He's escaped!" said another of the men.

A sound as of heavy breathing was heard at this moment. The gipsy who had last spoken laughed aloud.

"The rascal's asleep!" he said.

Then he hammered at the door.

"Who is there?" cried Bamfylde, as he sprang up. "It's not morning yet. Why do you disturb me?"

"Well, you can't be expected to know your friends through a brick wall," said one of the gipsies. "We've come to save you. There are four of us here—Kester, Laman, Rollo, and Yvan. The others are gone on in advance; *we* have returned to rescue you, and burn down this accursed cage."

"Thanks, my friends," said Bamfylde; "I fancied I was lost. I thought my white blood would have kept all assistance from me. But work quietly, lest you be heard."

Rollo chuckled.

"We will talk no more," he said; "and yet, in the silence, you shall not even hear the rasping of a wire."

He then knelt down, and, in a manner which proved a skill acquired by long practice, commenced picking the lock. This soon yielded. But the fastenings within made this success of no use. Then one of the gipsies drew from his belt a long iron instrument, sharp as a razor at one end, and with a round handle at the other. This was planted firmly into the edge of a panel, and the united strength of the four men soon drove it through. This was repeated three times; and then one lusty drive from the shoulder of Rollo drove it in.

In another moment, the rescued gipsy had emerged, and once more stood in freedom.

"Many, many thanks!" cried he, grasping their hands cordially, one after the other. "Let us now away, lest we spoil the work we have begun."

"Not yet," cried Yvan. "We have not done our work. A merry blaze must compensate us for the momentary loss of him who will one day be our king."

"That is doubtful—at least, if the Queen is to be obeyed. But come, since you are determined, I will help you, if you will remove these bracelets, which are unpleasant as well as ugly."

A dexterous twist soon dislodged the handcuffs with which the constable had ornamented his wrists; and he began aiding the other gipsies in filling the cage with straw and hay and dry branches.

When this task had been completed, they struck a light, fired it, and soon a goodly blaze shot up, rushing through the aperture, and through the small air-hole at the top. The gipsies then proceeded hastily towards the spot where the horses had been left.

"You were certain of saving me, then?" cried Bamfylde, as he saw a spare horse tied up with the others.

They mounted, cast a last glance at the blazing cage, and then dashed away along the high road.

Flora had seen nothing of the capture of Bamfylde.

In her fear lest the love-meeting between herself and the White Gipsy should be discovered, she had hurried immediately up to her own room. From the window which overlooked the road she could see the blaze of torches; and, opening it, she could hear the indistinct murmur of men's voices. But through the trees she could distinguish no man's form in particular; and believing in Bamfylde's cleverness to ensure his safety, she closed her window, and went to bed fearing nothing. When her rosy cheek pressed the white pillow, she slept soundly, dreaming of the future, which she trusted might yet be bright, and seeing Bamfylde only amid the happiest scenes.

The next morning Flora did not come down to breakfast until Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie had had a good gossip over the affair of the preceding night. Information of the capture of Bamfylde, under suspicion of robbing the house of Mr. Fairfax, was brought by Herbert Lennox.

"I have great news for you," said Darby Mackenzie.

"Indeed!" cried Flora, unsuspectingly.

"Yes; you need fear the gipsies no longer, my child."

"They are gone, then?" inquired the girl, with a sigh.

Darby smiled.

"No; better than that: the ringleader of all the gang has been caught."

Flora's heart sank. She feared the rest.

"Who is he?" she faintly murmured.

"An Englishman, who joined the gipsies many years ago, and who calls himself Bamfylde."

Flora turned deadly pale; her bosom heaved violently, and she uttered a suppressed cry.

"Betrayed!" she murmured—"betrayed! By Herbert Lennox, too!"

A sudden light seemed to break in upon Darby Mackenzie.

"Girl," he said, somewhat sternly, "do you know this man?"

G. SWAINE BUCKLEY—Of Buckley's Minstrels. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

Flora hesitated a moment.

She hoped, by her evidence, to save him. How could she do so, if she denied her love for him?

"Yes, father," she cried, passionately, "I do know—I love him! He is the best and most worthy of men! He came here to see me, and to commit no robbery!"

Darby Mackenzie and his wife were, for a moment, struck dumb with amazement. At length the former spoke.

"My child in love with a gipsy—an idle, dissolute vagabond—a vagrant—one of the scum and outcasts of the earth! I must be dreaming!"

He had scarcely finished speaking, when steps were heard advancing along the garden; and in another moment Herbert Lennox entered. His face was the very picture of disappointed malice. Darby Mackenzie saw his discomfiture.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"He has escaped!" exclaimed Herbert.

"Heaven be praised?" cried Flora, as she sank upon her knees.

Darby Mackenzie eyed her for a moment in silence, and then turned with an air of sullen anger towards Herbert Lennox.

"Heed her not," he said. "I have heard from her lips this morning what has destroyed many a pleasant dream I had entertained. But tell me how has this vagabond escaped?"

"He was safely immured last night in the cage, as I told you," said Herbert Lennox; "but about two hours afterwards the cage was discovered in flames. The fire, which was very fierce, burned through the timbers of the roof, and completely destroyed the door. It is impossible to say, therefore, how he escaped: but escaped he has, and gone clear away somewhere. More than that, twelve horses belonging to Mr. Murray, the farmer, have disappeared, and it is supposed that they have stolen them also."

"I am glad he is gone," said Darby Mackenzie, moodily; "it has saved us from disgrace."

"Disgrace!" cried his wife; "who threatens us with that?"

He pointed, scornfully, at the girl, who still knelt, in tears, with her face buried in the cushions of an arm-chair.

"She threatens us with disgrace," he said. "She who loved this vagabond."

Flora rose indignantly.

"Father!" she cried, "you are wrong. Bamfylde is no vagabond. He is the son of noble parents. His name is one which you would be proud to see me bear. He is only hiding from his friends, because, without proof of his identity, he would fail to obtain his right. He is good, noble, generous; yet, one day, he will find means to be revenged on him who has betrayed him, be it years hence."

Herbert Lennox turned pale with fear for a moment. Then a sneering smile overspread his features.

"I need be under no alarm, Miss Mackenzie," he said, "when thinking of a man who is, as your father says, a vagabond and a rascal. He, no doubt, will end a vagrant, disgraced life upon the scaffold ere long. My only alarm will be for you, who have not the strength of mind to resist the arts of a man like Bamfylde."

Flora advanced towards him.

"Vile impostor!" she cried, in a voice of withering scorn, deepened by her intense anger; "how can you dare to use these words to me? You know well, in your own heart, that you have betrayed him, because he loved me—because I loved him, and loathed your attentions."

"I *had* the misfortune to love you, Flora," said he, with apparent grief.

"Love! talk not of love to me—talk rather of hate! Yesterday, I was a girl—a simple girl, loving and beloved, and believing in a bright future. To-day, I am a woman, hating, and doubtless hated—and owing the blight of my future to you. Mark me well, Bamfylde is as superior to you as a man is superior to a crawling, venomous snake; and if one hair of his head be harmed through you, remember that I live to avenge him!"

With these words she swept from the room, leaving the trio gazing at one another in complete bewilderment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

TRIPLE SUMMERSET.—A well informed showman says:—"You were in error in your last in stating that a *triple* summerset had never been accomplished. Various persons have succeeded in the *attempt*, but every one who has undertaken to follow it up as a regular thing has been killed. The most noted performer of this feat was Johnny Aymar, (a brother of Walter). He thought he had got it down to a sure thing, but he broke his neck one night, after having performed it successfully awhile, at Astley's. It is too dangerous a feat for any one to attempt."

A CONSTANT READER, Virginia.—"In cribbage, A plays a seven, B an eight, A a six, for which he takes three for a sequence. B then plays another seven, can he also take three for a sequence?"..... Yes, as you will readily perceive by putting down the figures as played, viz., 7, 8, 6, 7. The first seven may not rob the last of its just dues. Your second question we cannot understand.

CUDJO.—1. Charlotte Cushman was born at Boston of old Puritan stock. 2. Do you mean E. L. or A. H. Davenport? 3. Jane Coombs is of English descent. She made her first appearance on any stage at the old Broadway during the season of 1855-6, as Pauline to the Claude Melnotte of Edwin Forrest, the occasion being Mr. Forrest's benefit.

WM. B., Cincinnati, O.—1. As the subject matter of your proposed sketch would relate only to one locality and that in a foreign country, it would not be of sufficient interest to the majority of our readers. We thank you all the same, however. 2. Money received, and your name booked for the CLIPPER.

DR. W., Philadelphia.—"1. Did a filly ever run for the Derby at Epsom in England? 2. Also inform me of the date when Eclipse won the Great St. Leger."..... 1. Yes, and won it too; by Eleanor in 1801, and Blink Bonney in 1857. 2. Eclipse never run for the St. Leger.

SPORT, Baton Rouge.—1. The lady has sung in most of the principal music halls in this country. She is not an actress, but a vocalist. 2. Katarina is the wife of one of our Broadway theatre stage managers.

C. H., New Memphis Theatre.—We know nothing of artillery practice, but are informed that the quantity required is the same as is necessary to blow off the ears of an ass. The exact proportion you can easily ascertain by personal experiment.

S. E., Washington, D. C.—1. There are many good business men in the profession who are uneducated. The item you send us is a good thing, but we would rather not publish it. 2. The price is 6 cents per copy.

JABEZ, St. Johnsbury.—What we want to get at is the fact whether he was "dosed," or whether he "sold out." You are right enough, and perhaps when we have thoroughly sifted the matter, you'll find that we are also correct.

J. M., Dearborn, Mich.—1. We saw no report in any London sporting paper about Heenan's having several of his teeth knocked out by Tom King in their late fight. 2. Not half as much as when he fought Sayers. 3. Drop a line to Harry Jennings, Boston.

SERGT. G. T. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—John Hilton alias the Limerick Boy, was killed by Young Sutton on the 17th of October, 1857; the weapon used was a knife; as Sutton only acted in self-defence, he was acquitted.

B. A. S., Nashville.—1. "444" Broadway is below the St. Nicholas Hotel. 2. The Buckleys did not play there at the time stated. 3. There should be a new deal. 4. The best cards shown, win.

EUCHRE.—1. Two points only can be scored for the euchre. 2. Hoyle says the dealer's partner may or may not assist. It is played both ways.

EUCHRE.—The knave is higher than any other card in the pack in the game of Euchre. They take their value from the time the pack is made up.

J. H. M. D., Newark.—"In a game of Euchre, can a partner dealing go it alone after his partner says assist?".....The point should be settled before beginning the game.

PHILADELPHIA YACHTMAN.—We do not hear from your folks very often. Give us the items, and they will appear. The little man will "come again," we have no doubt.

B. G., New York.—"What was the fastest time made by Mr. Bonner's Ledger Team?"..... They trotted one mile in 2:26, and two miles to a road wagon in 5:01¼; the last mile being done in 2:28¾.

JAS. M. HENKLIE.—We can send you the CLIPPER to Madison until your regiment moves, and then by notifying us in time can change your address to any point you go to.

A. AND B.—"At cribbage A plays a 4, B an 8, A a 6, B a 7, and A a 5. B cries 'a go.' How many points is A entitled to for his last play?".....Five for a sequence and one for "go;" or six in all.

T. P., Flint, Mich.—We know of no "genuine sporting book containing a full and true account of rules for shooting pigeons from traps."

DANIEL W. ELY, Wooster, Wayne Co., O.—Your MSS. we are sorry to say, was destroyed, or we should be too happy to accommodate you.

A. B., Carrolton, O.—The numbers on the chequer board are read from left to right, the same as reading type, No. 1 being the top left hand corner square.

GEO. M., Brooklyn.—Ned Price's fight with Joe Coburn was a draw.

PHILADELPHIA.—Height, 5 feet 9 inches; regular weight, about 180 lbs.

A. L., Aylmes, Canada West.—They can only score two points for the euchre.

C. M., Havana.—1. The march entitles the player to two points. 2. The player who euchred the lone hand, makes two points.

C. D.—If you can draw a proper line, or suggest a remedy, we shall be happy to hear from you.

J. H., Portsmouth, N. H.—The party who was present and ready to go on with the match, should have the money.

CLIPPER SHADES, Taunton.—Sayers' first fight with Benjamin lasted 6½ minutes, and his second, 22 minutes.

FRED CLAYTON.—You are right. He was formerly at Hooley's, and is now at Bryant's.

MINSTREL BASSO.—Schwicardi, formerly basso of Wood's Minstrels, is at present travelling with Grau's Opera Troupe.

FRANK J., Philadelphia.—The fastest running time, one mile, was 1 minute 40 2-3 seconds by Saunterer at Newmarket, Eng.

LEVI TAYLOR, Belleville, C. W.—Your subscription commenced with No. 50, and is for four months, including postage.

H. AND W., York, Iowa.—The "original Flora Temple" still lives, and her owner is ready to back her against the best that offers.

TOODLES.—The figures are not distinct. State the Nos. missing, and also the volume.

CONSTANT READER, Worcester.—Flora Temple made the fastest time.

C. J. W., Albany.—Address Stephen Roberts, No. 368 South street, New York.

J. H. B., Newark.—We do not know where Mr. Cooper is at present. We have not heard from him of late.

C. H., New Brunswick.—Joe Coburn never published a card in our paper denying that he was an Irishman.

BOSTON.—We think it very doubtful if the manager himself knows at present where he will show on the 4th of July.

BOX 547, Ann Harbor, Mich.—Not enough money. Have omitted one advertisement.

J. A., 9th Reg., Washington, D. C.—1. Very good for amateurs. 2. He has not. 3. We don't know.

CONSTANT READER.—A cricket bat is oval on both the back and front side. Much more so on the former than the latter, however.

LIEUT. G. A. LYON.—Send the letter to our office, and we will advertise it for him.

JENNY, New Castle.—1. Jenny Jones is dead. 2. Pocahontas' pacing time has never been beaten or equalled.

E. C. S., 6th Army Corps.—Do you mean horse, or man, or what? Also name your distance, and we will answer you.

M. J. G.—Apply in person; age is of no account if you possess the ability.

T. G., Port Royal, S. C.—Jemmy Massey, the celebrated light weight English pugilist, died in Hamilton, C. W., a few months ago.

A WASHINGTONIAN.—The Astor Place Riot took place May 7, 1849.

KNIGHT & CO., Philadelphia.—Forty-three dollars for 3 months.

BENDER & CO.—Three months, ten dollars.

JACK PERCY.—Will appear in our next.

E. N. G., Brandy, Va.—The Union is a single mile track.

C. B. L., Brooklyn.—Ben Caunt was in this country in 1842.

DOMINO PLAYER, Columbus, O.—Both partners count.

A. QUITZOW.—We have a letter for you.

JIM HEENAN.—We have a letter for you.

THAT MAGNIFICENT BILLIARD TABLE presented to the Sanitary Fair by Messrs. Phelan & Collender, was sold for the low sum of $525. We are credibly informed that Mr. Phelan would have given $600 for it; and one or two others would have bid as much as $800 had it been sold at public vendue. We should very much like to know why the Fair Committee countenanced this manner of giving things away. Is there anybody around who wants to put money in his purse that should go to the relief of sick soldiers?

"INJUN FIGHT."—In that lawless city, Washington, a fight eventuated one day last week between a couple of live Indians, of some outlandish tribe, the name of which we have forgotten. One of the belligerents rejoices in the high-sounding name of "Hole in the Day," while the other is satisfied with the less ostentatious cognomen of "Look Around." The fight grew out of politics or whiskey, we don't remember exactly which, and "Hole in the Day" got a hole knocked in his head, while the other chap was made to look around in a manner he never thought possible before. It was a right smart chance of a fight while it lasted; in fact, we have seen a great many worse ones among Congressmen, even.

THE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB, of Monroe County, N. Y., had their annual hunt and supper on the 21st and 22d ult., resulting in the victory of Captain Hetzler's party over Captain Alexander's by 85 birds in a total of 205.

ABOUT STRIKES, AND SO-FORTH.

THIS is the age of strikes, and almost everybody is "on it." If Jimmy Dooly has to pay the green grocer eleven cents for a pound of ten cent sugar, Jimmy's employer is struck for three dollars extra, per week, and no questions asked. When Jack Jarolemon took Becky Jones to the theatre the other night, and paid a half dollar extra for reserved seats, he next day told his employer that he must have his wages raised, everything was so high. He got 'em raised. There's Bridget Nolan, who lives out at "two dollars per week and found;" t'other day she called her mistress to her and coolly informed her that, owing to "the increased cost of living," she must have three dollars a week, or she would give her one day's notice. The extra was tacked on, and that evening Biddy and "her friend" had stalls at Niblo's Garden. A regular professional "striker" was consulted one day about striking some man who had injured another man. The striker replied that when things were at reasonable rates, fifty dollars was a fair price for "going through" a man, but now that pistols and clubs had increased to such a high figure he couldn't think of "riskin' it" for less than $100—the bargain was made at the increased rates; that night a "respectable gentleman" was "missing from his family," and next day he was found in an alley, with his "head beat in," all owing to the high price of the necessaries of life, and a strike. Bill Rogers is a highly educated orator, or stump speaker; he used to harangue the multitude at five dollars an hour, and warrant to give 'em satisfaction; he now refuses to take the stump for less than ten dollars an hour, with his whiskey thrown in; *he* says it's all owing to the rise in paper. So with Harriet Dickens—formerly she lectured for fifty dollars a go, with plenty of hard licks at McClellan. She gets a hundred now, and lets up on "little Mac" a trifle at that. She says it's a great risk to attack McClellan since the "strikers" were set in operation. Why, it's even getting into the pulpit and doctor shops. Rev. Zachariah Dubessy thought he was getting a gorgeous salary a few years ago when the trustees gave him his "little old thousand;" his sermons were right to the point, too, in those days. He struck a few months ago for three thousand, got it, and now his discourses ain't worth a cuss; he isn't sure of stopping long, even at that price, for he believes lecturing for "Young Men's Mercantile Societies" and "Sanitary Commission Companies" pays much better. Green Jones, M. D., used to physic us to death for a dollar a pop, and take off a percentage besides, for cash. He now expects three dollars a visit for dosing us, adulterates his castor oil, and mixes sand with his salts; and we're actually fearful he'll give us "a cup of cold pizen" if we refuse to "accede to his just demands"—and all owing to the exorbitant advance in gamboge and persimmons, things that we never touch. The baggage smashers are in with 'em, too. A gentleman of that persuasion seized our valise—there was very little in it—t'other day, and carried it a block for us; we gave him a quarter. "What's this? dam yer," says he; "don't ye know we struck? Come, sock up t'other two shillins, or I'll smash *you* and yer baggage." Not wishing to give the gentleman of smashing proclivities any unnecessary trouble, we socked up. Being somewhat tired, hungry, and weary, we entered a sixpenny dining saloon, owing to the high priced list at other places, and called for a plate of first-class hash, "no vegetables." For that sixpenny plate of second-hand stuff we received a check for 15 cents. "Young man," we ventured to suggest, "you've made a mistake—it's *hash* I want a check for, *not* turkey." "Guess you're one of them fellers, ain't yer? *I* know what yer had, I guess—hash is gone up: yer can't git no such hash as that no more for sixpence. Hay, Tom," cried he, turning to another gentleman robed in a "Quir color" white apron, "here's a sixpenny hash chap; jist twig him; ain't he a regular dead beat?" Tom made not the slightest hesitation in agreeing with the sentiment expressed by the other Tom, and frankly admitted that we were a "dead beat." We made our way to the check taker, and presented our ticket, and fifteen cents in addition. Blamed if he didn't call one of the Toms to ask him if that was *all* we had. "That's all *I* give him," says Tom, thereby implying that some other Tom might have served us with something else. Says the treasurer, "*you* don't seem to be a very healthy eater." "It's all owing to the increased cost of provisions," we sarcastically responded. He felt it, too, for says he, "well if things is too high for you down here, you can get 'em at the old s'ale up at Blackwell's Island." We saw nothing jocular about this remark, and yet all the Toms broke out into one of the horsest laughs we were ever compelled to listen to. During their uncalled for hilarity we got away very cleverly. At our boarding house, where we paid our twenty shillings regularly every Saturday night, and had a nice, clean, damp sheet every two weeks, we now pay four dollars and a half for a dog house in the attic, "take our dinner down town," and don't be troubled with damp sheets, or any other kind. Mrs. Newton, who does for us, is even now all the time hinting how high marketing is, and predicting—as she has been doing for half a century—that she won't be able to keep boarders much longer, "onless," as she expresses it, "things come down. Why do you know," continued she, looking us direct in the eye, "that I paid 45 cents for a pound of coffee only yesterday, and it's all gone a'ready?" Now, when we say that the boarders in that house hav'nt even *smelt* coffee for a year, is it any wonder that we look with suspicion upon such a woman? Why, her daughter, whom we took to the minstrels a few evenings since, confidentially told us that her mother had put one thousand dollars in the saving fund in six months—all "owing to the high price of provisions." The girl is a member of Brother Zammer's church, and we know *she* would'nt lie. And so on with the catalogue—a beggar accosted us one day—he was of the "help the blind" class; we tendered him a ten cent bill. As true as we live if he didn't ask if we couldn't give him a better one—"that's so dirty," says he; and when we handed him a fresher one, he said—"a gentleman like you doesn't want to be bothered with the dirty stuff," and he actually kept both. As he was on a strike, and we didn't wish to get into a fight with a "blind man," we rather left him. We somewhat inadvertently accosted a lad who blacks boots and shoes as an honest means of getting a livelihood. "Give 'em a good shine, bubby, will you?" we kindly said. "All right, boss," replied the innocent urchin; "*I'll* polish yer off." When the job was ended, we tendered him a five cent legal tender note. "Tenpence is what we git now—the shoeblacks is all struck, blackenin' is so high; isn't it, Jimmy?" appealing to a fearful-looking youth of scarce seven summers. "That's so," returned Jimmy, "nobody but shysters don't blacken nobody's boots for fivepence now." Not wishing to incur the displeasure of Jimmy and his associate in boot blackenin', we calmly acquiesced in the justice of their demands, and gave the operator "a tenpence." That evening we observed both gentlemen in the old Bowery pit, munching peanuts. Everybody and everything flourishes on account of the high price of provisions, etc., and it is the general opinion that if things continue to go up much longer, we'll be the richest people on the face of the globe, and there will be no necessity for anybody to work.

P. S.—The soldiers, who risk their lives, endure every privation, and suffer beyond the human comprehension, are striking, but in a different manner from those we have attempted to enumerate. They are still moving on at the old prices, owing to the high price of provisions.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.—All nature looks fresh and gay, and soon the cricket and base ball grounds will resound with the shout and merriment of the players; the waters will be covered with race boats and yachts; and the turf will be traversed with fleet footed trotters and racers. After such a long season of wintry weather, the change from the confined and heated rooms to the green fields and bracing air will indeed be welcome. Get ready your bats and balls, then; bring out the boats from their winter quarters; and prepare for a season of general enjoyment.

THE MACE AND COBURN MATCH.

Coburn's Money Received.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE.

By the mail received just before going to press, we were placed in possession of the following letter from the editor of *Bell's Life in London*, which speaks for itself. Coburn's money had been received, and the match may be considered on, although Mace was in Dublin at last accounts. Here is the document:

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON OFFICE,
170 STRAND, W. C., April 16, 1864.

ED. CLIPPER—I write a line to save the mail to acknowledge the order for £50 on behalf of Joe Coburn, for his match with Jem Mace. I have telegraphed to Mace, who is in Dublin, and he promises to send me his money at once. It cannot arrive, however, in time for the mail. I should say you may consider the match on. I will write as soon as Mace has staked up. In the meantime I remain yours obediently, FRANK S. DOWLING.

I shall be very glad to see you or Coburn on your arrival.

THINGS IN NEW ORLEANS.—One of our "Zoo-zoo" friends, now in New Orleans, says that nothing of very great importance has happened of late, and everything remains in *statu quo;* that is, as far as the limits of the town are concerned. Outside, where the fighting soldiers are, "things are mixed"—they have plenty of excitement. "Business here is very good indeed, and the place is literally crowded with speculators from the North, who are in quest of cotton, and who are monomaniacs on the subject, being literally crazy with cotton on the brain. They carry it to such an extent that it is really dangerous for persons to put cotton in their ears and sally forth in the streets, as there would be danger of their being 'gobbled' by the cotton speculators, who would insist upon removing the cotton and testing its quality. When you meet a friend now and ask him how he gets along, ten chances to one if he won't answer 'from fair to middling,' and ask you 'if you have any cotton on hand?'"

MCCLELLAN.—If the friends of McClellan wish him well, they had better cease using his name so freely in connection with the names of Copperheads and other disloyal characters. He has no sympathy with opponents of the government, and none but his enemies will permit his name to be coupled with "peace democrats," and such disorganizers. We think it would be just as well to drop the "sword subscription," too. At the proper time, a sword and authority to use it will be given him by the people. At present, Gen. McClellan is held as a reserve in case Gen. Grant should be unsuccessful, and the rebels again march on Washington.

CHANGE.—The papers are making a run on "Banks" since the Red River failure, and loudly call for change. Banks will redeem all his promises, or we much mistake the man.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.—The exhibition of the Pittsburgh Gymnastic Association took place on the 25th ult., at the German Theatre in that city.

THE TURF.

Trotting of the past week—The Union and Fashion Course—Great performance of Stonewall Jackson—Capital Race between Lady Black and Cardinal—Henry Ward Beecher turned Horseman; His imaginary drive behind the Ledger Team—The New York Jockey Club Meeting.

The trotting during the past week, both on the Union and Fashion tracks, has been of a very interesting character, as well as abundant in quantity. The heavy rain which fell uninterruptedly throughout Monday, prevented the two matches that were announced to come off on the Union track from taking place, and they consequently were postponed until the Tuesday following. On Tuesday, the 26th ult., there was a large attendance on the Fashion Course, to witness the trot for the Association Purse of $100, for horses that had never trotted in less than 2.50, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. Owing to the deluging rains of the previous day, the track was very heavy going, and many of the regular habitues of trotting races stayed at home, under the impression that a postponement of the race would be inevitable in consequence. There were originally twelve entered for the purse, comprising J. F. Nodine's g g Pleasure Boy; H. Woodruff's br g Dexter, and his b m Victress; P. Helm's g g Billy; Sam McLaughlin's g g Sam; J. H. Martin's b g Frank; J. Lovett's s m Lady Winthrop; Dan Pfifer's br m Cosette; H. F. Jones's br m The Thomas Mare; R. Ogle's b g Stonewall Jackson; T. Cregan's s m Lady Collins, and Owner's br g General Grant. Owing to backwardness of condition, and other causes, nine out of the twelve entries were drawn, leaving the race to be contested by Stonewall Jackson, Lady Collins, and General Grant. The example Stonewall had made of the latter in the race the preceding week, when he distanced him and two others on the first heat in 2.39, made him the favorite in the few pool sales which George Armstrong (who, in partnership with Jake Somerdyke is now the officially appointed pool auctioneer) managed to dispose of before the race. In these, Stonewall brought $25, General Grant $10, and Lady Collins $9. The latter was entered and driven by the well known Albany horseman, Tom Cregan, and her speed in scoring made many take the odds of $25 to $15 which were offered that the favorite beat her; that she will see a better day and show to more advantage than she did on this occasion, we feel assured. The recollection of the General's nervousness in the previous race, and his disposition to strike a pacing, instead of trotting gait, which was its result, caused even his warmest admirers, who were acquainted with his great turn of speed when in proper trim, to withdraw their confidence from him almost entirely. This constitutional nervousness was again shown in scoring as well as in the race itself on this occasion, and we think that his owner, Captain I. Simonson, the eminent shipbuilder, would evince sound judgement in withdrawing him from the trotting track, and using him solely for driving on the road, where his great speed will be seen to most advantage.

THE RACE.

After some half dozen repeated failures to get the word, caused by the fractiousness of General Grant, who had the inside, but could not be induced by his driver, George Hopkins, to get on any thing like equal terms with his horses, the Judges at last cried "go." Stonewall at once went ahead and passed the quarter pole a length ahead in 40½ sec., the mare breaking just before reaching that point, and the General, who could not be induced to trot, a long way behind. Stonewall kept widening the gap gradually until he led four lengths at the half-mile pole, in 1.24, where he shook out an extra reef of speed, and drawing rapidly away from his followers, passed the score before the other two had reached the distance stand, thus winning the heat and race in 2 min. 45 sec., and repeating his extraordinary performance of the preceding week, by distancing the field opposed to him. We append a summary:

FASHION COURSE, L. I., TUESDAY 26. Purse $100, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

J. Lovett entered b g Stonewall Jackson..... 1
T. Cregan entered s m Lady Collins.....dis
Owner entered br g General Grant.....dis
J. F. Nodine entered g g Pleasure Boy.....dr
H. Woodruff entered b g Dexter.....dr
H. Woodruff entered b m Victress.....dr
P. Helm entered s g Billy.....dr
S. McLaughlin entered g g Sam.....dr
J. H. Martin entered b g Frank.....dr
J. Lovett entered s m Lady Winthrop.....dr
D. Pfifer entered br m The Thomas Mare.....dr
Time, 2:45.

On Wednesday, the 27th ult., the most exciting trot of the season hitherto, came off on the Union Course, for the proprietors' purse of $50, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. The following were the entries: J. D. McMann's b g Cardinal; Dan Mace's b g Wonderful; Owner's b m Lady Blake; H. Woodruff's b m Molly Pitcher; and Dan Pfifer's s m Ida. Of these, when the bell summoned the horses to the track, only Cardinal and Lady Blake appeared to contend for the purse, the others withdrawing from the contest. The track was in very fair order, the attendance good, and the day itself bright and pleasant. Lady Blake, who is owned by Mr. Martin of this city, came with a high reputation for speed. She looked in blooming condition, and was driven by Dan Pfifer, who had prepared her for the race. Cardinal also looked well, and such was the confidence of the public in the skill of his trainer and driver, Hiram Woodruff, who has had charge of him since Mr. Pettit bought him of Mr. McMann the week before, that although the betting commenced at $100 to $80 on the Lady, yet the horse quickly became an equal favorite, and even money to a large amount was bet on the race before the start. His new owner backed him pluckily, and bet $100 even with the owner of the mare that he won. This was the Lady's first trot in public this season, while Cardinal had already gone two races, which gave him the advantage in point of condition.

First Heat.—No time was lost in scoring, as they got off at the first attempt. On rounding the first turn, Lady Blake was half a length ahead, which she kept to the quarter pole; time, 40¾. Going along the backstretch she maintained her advantage until nearing the half mile pole, when she broke, allowing Cardinal to come alongside her, when he also followed suit just in front of the pole; time, 1:24½. The Lady again resumed the lead, but did not maintain it long, as she soon broke up, and Cardinal rushing to the front, turned into the homestretch two lengths ahead. On the homestretch Lady Blake made a determined effort to reach Cardinal, but the pace carried her off her feet twice in succession, and the Cardinal crossed the score first by two clear lengths in 2:46.

Second Heat.—Cardinal's success in the last heat caused him to become the favorite, $20 to $10 being freely offered by those who had bet against him before the start, and who now were anxious to hedge their money. They got off at the first time of asking, and went lapped around the first turn, when Hiram showed in front with Cardinal passing the quarter pole half a length in front, in 40½ seconds. Going along the backstretch the Lady rapidly closed the gap between them, and got on even turns with her competitor, passing the half mile pole head and head together in 1:23. On the third quarter she fairly out-trotted him, but breaking, he lapped her at the draw-gate, and they came up the homestretch yoked together. A beautiful race ensued, both trotting finely, when the Lady was again carried off her feet, and Cardinal crossed the score two lengths in front in 2:45¾.

Third Heat.—The race was now considered a certainty by the friends of Cardinal, and the backers of the Lady were despondent, trembling for their investments. Some few who fancied they detected symptoms of tiring in the horse, accepted the proffered odds that were offered against the mare. In scoring, Cardinal showed a disposition to break up, and the confidence of his friends was somewhat shaken in consequence. Four attempts were made before the judges cried a "go," and even then the mare had a good deal the best of it. She led around the first turn, where Hiram's horse broke, and gave her a lead of some three lengths to the quarter pole, in 41 secs. Going along the backstretch, he repeated his breaks twice, which she took advantage of to open a gap of half a dozen lengths at the half mile pole; time, 1:23½. She widened the interval considerably on the third and fourth quarters, and it required all the skill of "Old Honesty" being brought into operation to prevent his horse being distanced, and it is probable that this event would have occurred had not the Lady broke a trace in swinging round into the homestretch, which caused her to be carried off her feet and lose considerable ground. Time, 2:50.

Fourth Heat.—The result of the last heat caused quite a change with betting, 20 to 16 being offered on the mare. She got a little the best of the start, and kept it to the quarter pole in 41½ secs, and to the half in 1:24½, where she was four or five lengths ahead. At the drawgate she went up, but catching again quickly before Hiram could close on her, she won the heat only by three lengths, in 2:50¼.

Fifth Heat.—The backers of Lady Blake were jubilant, and those of the Cardinal equally despondent. Many of the latter commenced compromising with the parties with whom they had bet; Mr. Pettie, the owner of Cardinal, himself giving $50 to the owner of the mare, to be "off" a bet of $100 on the result of the race. Offers to bet $30 to $10 and even larger odds on the mare, were numerous, but not a blow was struck. Pfifer secured the Lady the best of the start, but Hiram was alongside him in going around the first turn, and on passing the quarter pole in 42½ secs, they were wheel and wheel. Going along the back stretch, Hiram's horse broke, and the Lady led a length at the half mile pole, in 1:25½. Cardinal, who was now trotting steadily, here began to close on the mare, carrying the latter off her feet at the lower turn, and Hiram deprived her of the lead, which he maintained to the end, winning, amid the cheering of his friends and backers, the heat and race by a couple of lengths in 2:51.

SUMMARY.

Union Course, L. I. Purse $50, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagons.

	TIME.			
	Quarter.	Half mile.	Mile.	
H. Woodruff named b g Cardinal				1, 1, 2, 2, 1
D. Pfifer named b m Lady Blake				2, 2, 1, 1, 2
D. Mace named b g Wonderful				drawn.
Owner named b m Molly Pitcher				drawn.
Owner named s m Ida				drawn.
First heat	40¾ sec.	1:24	2:46	
Second heat	40½ sec.	1:23	2:45¼	
Third heat	41 sec.	1:23½	2:50	
Fourth heat	41½ sec.	1:24½	2:50¼	
Fifth heat	42½ sec.	1:25½	2:51	

This was one of the most interesting trots we have had for a long period. After the first two heats the race was regarded as a certainty for Cardinal, while after the ensuing two, the same impression prevailed in favor of the mare. The fifth and deciding heat showed the staying qualities of Cardinal's Bashaw blood, as he trotted steadier in that heat than in the two preceding. Although his owner, through want of confidence in him, lost money on the race, he may congratulate himself on the possession of a horse which may make a bright record for himself on the trotting turf.

The match between two road horses owned in this city, for $500 a side, which had been postponed from Monday on account of the weather, came off on Wednesday afternoon, the 28th ult., on the Union Course. The race was mile heats, best two in three, in harness, and the horses, Mr. S. Storm's gray gelding and Mr. E. Kelly's br. m. Fanny Walker. It excited considerable interest among the friends of the respective owners, who mustered in great force to witness the sport. The day was bitterly cold, for the season; a nipping high wind was prevailing. The brown mare was the favorite, there being a general disposition to bet on her, and $100 to $40 was freely proffered that she would win. In the city, a good deal of money had been speculated, but on the track the only disposition shown was to bet on time, and even money was offered and taken that 2:51 would not be made.

First Heat.—The gray broke almost as soon as they got the word, and he repeated again in going round the first turn. At the quarter pole Fanny Walker led a length, which she made two before passing the half mile in 1:31. On the next half mile she trotted very fast, doing it in 1:20 and completing the mile in 2:51. The gray only escaped being distanced by the suffrance of the judges, as he ran nearly the whole of the last quarter to avoid being shut out.

Second Heat.—As before, the gelding broke directly the word was given, and the mare led two lengths to the quarter and half mile poles. Here she increased her speed, and passing the score in 2:47, distanced her competitor in the easiest possible manner.

SUMMARY.

UNION COURSE, L. I., April 28. Match $500, 2 in 3 in harness

E. Kelly named br. m. Fanny Walker.....1 1
S. Storms named gr. g .....2 dist.
Time, 2:51—2:47.

On Friday, the 29th ult., the trot for the Fashion Pleasure Ground Association purse of $100, for horses that at the time of entry had never trotted in less than 2 min 45 sec, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, attracted a large attendance, both of the members of the Association and of the general public. There were no less than thirteen entries, but only Stonewall Jackson, Lady Collins, and general Grant appeared on the track when summoned by the Judge's bell for the start, being the same trio that trotted for the $100 purse on this track on the preceding Tuesday, when Stonewall Jackson distanced them both in the first heat. Of course, Stonewall was made the favorite in the pools which Jake Somerindyke managed to dispose of before the start; he brought $50, Lady Collins $11, and General Grant $5. Offers to bet $50 to $10 on the favorite were only taken in a few isolated quarters, by parties who only took them for the sake of the odds, in the Micawber-like hope that something might turn up in their favor during the race. The track was in very fair condition, and the day warm and pleasant.

First heat.—Stonewall had the pole, Lady Collins second, and the General, who was driven by Mr. George Hopkins, of Greenpoint, on the outside. The latter displayed his customary nervousness and disinclination to trot, and over half an hour was wasted in scoring in consequence. The Judges were becoming as tired at the repeated failures to get off as the spectators, and at last gave the word when Stonewall was a length in advance. As is his usual custom, General Grant broke up badly directly afterwards, and fell far into the rear. After rounding the first turn, Stonewall went up, and before his driver, John Lovett, could get him down again, the lady passed him and led to the quarter pole in 40 secs. She did not maintain her advantage long, as the pace carried her off her feet, and Stonewall resumed his leading position. At the half mile, which was done in 1.17, he was a couple of lengths ahead, and his driver now seemed to let him out, as he kept increasing his commanding lead at every stride, until it seemed very probable that he was going for the third time to repeat his unparalleled performance of the two previous weeks, in distancing the horses opposed to him in both the races in which he had started. Lady Collins had broken up, and the general giving her the go by, had settled down into a steady, square gait, and was trotting very fast. Still it is probable that he would have been shut out, had not Lovett held Stonewall in on coming up the homestretch, thus allowing the General to save his distance. Lady Collins, however, was so far behind that she was shut out. Time 2.34½.

Second heat.—No betting, as every one seemed to regard the race as virtually over. Again was a deal of time lost through Grant's fractiousness, and when the Judges did cry "go" he broke as usual. Stonewall went ahead, leading forty lengths at the quarter pole in 40 secs, with his opponent breaking and galloping all the way. He kept leaving him hopelessly behind along the second and third quarters, and passed the judges' stand in 2.36½, before Grant, who was galloping, reached the distance stand.

SUMMARY.

R. Ogle named b g Stonewall Jackson.....1 1
Owner named General Grant.....2 dis
T. Cregan named Lady Collins..... dis
Time, 2:34½—2:36½.

On the Fashion Course, on Wednesday, the 27th, a scrub match race, single dash of a mile, came off between Wm. Gorlick's g Patsey Marley and McLaughlin's g General Lee. There was one false start, in which Patsey run away with the boy, and went around in 1.55. In the actual race, a horse that was grazing in the enclosure bolted over the rails, and running right across General Lee, obliged him to pull up, and he was consequently distanced. Time 2.06½.

We notice with pleasure that Henry Ward Beecher gives indications of joining the sports of the road, if not of the track, for he has just concluded the purchase of a team of fast horses, of the Morgan breed, which he met with in Vermont. We do not know whether the Reverend gentleman is a good driver or not, but a few lessons from that clever whip, his friend Mr. Bonner, and a few drives in his company to Dubois' new trotting park on the Eighth Avenue, will soon remedy whatever deficiencies he may at present labor under. By the bye, we remember reading in the Ledger, some three or four years ago, a graphic and spirited description of a ride on the road behind the famous Ledger team, Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, in company with their owner, which admirably depicted the feelings of delight and exultation experienced when seated behind such unequalled flyers as the two above named mares, and dashing along the road on a bright clear day, and leaving every thing in the shape of horse flesh far behind. The writer of this article, so brilliantly descriptive of the pleasures of fast driving, was Henry Ward Beecher. It is a fact, however, that at the time when he wrote this account, he had never been behind Mr. Bonner's unrivalled team, *but the entire description was imaginary.* It is possible and even probable that he has done so since that article appeared, but at all events, we know that at that time he certainly did "draw upon imagination for his facts."

The New York Jockey Club, a body of gentlemen recently organized in this city to promote racing, and through that medium, improve the breed of horses, held a meeting at the Hone House, corner of Broadway and Great Jones street, on Thursday evening the 28th ult. The principal feature of the business transacted was the adoption of a new code of rules for the government of the Club, in which the scale of weights to be carried was fixed as follows—two years old 75lbs; three years old 86lbs; four years old 107lbs; five years old 117lbs; and six year olds and aged 120; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. The date of the Spring Meeting was fixed for Tuesday, June 28th, on the Centreville Course, L.I. The president of the Club is John A. Morris, Esq.; Vice Presidents James A. Valentine, James B. Monot and Shepherd S. Knapp, Esqs. Secretary, Chas. A Foster; Treasurer, Capt

Jerseymen were so great that they did not recover from them for years after. After his defeat he changed hands, Mr. Buckley disposing of his share to Mr. Joseph Hall of Rochester, and his next appearance on the trotting turf was on the Fashion Course, L. I., June 9th, 1859, for a purse of $1000, against such famous fast goers as Brown Dick, Miller's Damsel and Lady Woodruff. In this race he was again doomed to defeat, as Brown Dick won in three straight heats. Two weeks afterwards he trotted against Lady Woodruff and Brown Dick on the Union Course, L. I., for a purse and stake of $800, mile heats; the mare won the race, however, he had his the six heats trotted. The following week, however, he had his revenge, as he met the same opponents over the same course, in a race of two-mile heats, for a purse and stake of $800, which he won in two straight heats in 5:01½, 5:03¾. Two days after, he beat Lady Woodruff in a match of $1000 a side, mile heats, 3 in 5, wagons and drivers weighing 300 lbs; time 2:30; 2:32; 2:31¾, and 2:33. On the 7th July the same year he met his old opponents, Brown Dick and Miller's Damsel, on the Union track. This was a magnificently contested race, Patchen winning three heats out of the five. The time was excellent, as may be judged from the record—2:26¾; 2:26½; 2:29; 2:28¾, and 2:29. In his next match for $500 a side, 2:26½; 2:29; 2:28¾, and 2:29. In his next match for $500 a side, with Brown Dick, another defeat awaited Patchen, for the former won in three straight heats in 2:31½; 2:29¾, and 2:30¼. Two days afterwards over the Point Breeze Park track, Philadelphia, he beat Brown Dick and Lancet in a well contested match of five heats, winning the first two and the fifth; time 2:29; 2:31; 2:30½; 2:32 and 2:29. Returning to New York, he was matched against the "Queen of the Trotting Turf," Flora Temple, and on Nov. 21st 1859, they met on the Union Course, to contend for the proprietor's purse of $1000; Flora being in harness and Patchen under saddle. The first two heats were won by the little bay mare, but in the third she broke up when near home, and crossed the track in front of her opponent, who had the heat awarded to him in consequence. As darkness had now come on, the race was postponed until the ensuing day; the time made was 2:28—2:23—2:24. A compromise, however, was effected, and the race remained in abeyance. He next met his old rival and conqueror, Ethan Allen, in a match for $1,000 a side, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, on the Union Course, L. I., May 16, 1860. In this race, the New England stallion was the favorite at $100 to $50, but Patchen beat him in three straight heats in 2:25—2:24—2:29. A week afterwards he beat him in a mile heat race, 3 in 5, to wagons, for a similar amount over the same course; Patchen again winning in three straight heats in 2:27¾—2:26—2:31. The victor was now matched in two races against Flora Temple, for $500 a side; the first of mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, June 6th, 1860, came off over the Union Course, when the little mare won in three straight heats in 2:21—2:24½, and 2:21⅛. In the second match of two miles and repeat, a week afterwards, Patchen turned the tables on his previous victress, by defeating her in two straight heats in 4:53¼—4:57½. They met again at Philadelphia, July 4th, 1860, (just prior to which Patchen was purchased by Mr. Waltermire, for $25,000,) in a race of mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, when the mare won in 2:22½; 2:21¾; 2:38½. The judging was at the same place, the mare again beat him two heats in 4:51¾; 5:01½; the horse being withdrawn after the second heat, owing to the disgraceful proceedings of the outsiders, who prevented him winning that heat, which he would assuredly have done had he been allowed fair play. On the 2d of Aug. 1860, Flora again beat him on the Union Course, in a match for $250, mile heats, in harness; time, 2:23½; 2:22½; 2:23; 2:25¾; the stallion winning the first heat. On Sept. 24, the same year, they trotted a match for $500 on the Centreville Course, two mile heats and repeat in harness, the mare again winning in 4:55½; 5:00. We will not waste our space by recording the subsequent hippodroming career of Patchen, as we do not think that his fame as a trotting stallion was increased thereby. His last legitimate trotting matches were against the renowned black gelding General Butler, last summer, on the Fashion Course, L. I.; the owner of the latter, Mr. Henry Genet, having matched him against the famous stallion in six races, for $5000 each match. The first came off on May 27, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, and was won by Butler in 2:25¼; 2:27½; 2:28; 2:28½; Patchen winning the first heat. The second race, June 3, of two miles and repeat, in harness, was won by Patchen in 4:58; 4:58. The third race, June 10, mile heats, to wagons, was also won by Patchen in 2:27½; 2:29; 2:32¼; 2:30; 2:32; Butler winning the second and third heats. The fourth race, June 18, two miles and repeat, to wagons, was won by Patchen; Butler won the first heat, but was distanced for crossing Patchen's track in the second; time 4:56¼; 5:04. The fifth race, of mile heats, best 3 in 5, under saddle, June 24th, was won by Gen. Butler in 2:28; 2:21; 2:23¼. The sixth and last race of the series, of two mile heats, under saddle, July 1st, was won by Patchen in two straight heats in 4:56; 5:01; the stallion thus being victor in four out of the six races. The death of Geo. N. Patchen is a great loss alike to his owner and the breeders of fast horses, as his stock gave promise of rare excellence. Several of his sons, however, remain among us, to take his place at the stud.

BALL PLAY.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEW RULES ON THE SEASON'S PLAY.—The intention of the originators of the amendments to the rules adopted at the last convention, which was to transfer the interest of the game from the pitcher to the fielders, is likely to be fully carried into effect this season, if we may judge from the practical working of the new rules as shown in such practice games as have thus far been played this year. For the benefit of our base ball readers in the country and in the army, which we may number by the hundred, we have prepared an analysis of the rules that have been introduced, from which a correct interpretation of their meaning can be arrived at.

The rules having the most important bearing on the game as regards their effect on the movements of the pitcher, are the following:—

SEC. 5. The pitcher's position shall be designated by *two lines*, four yards in length, drawn at right angles to a line from home to the second base, having their centres upon that line at two fixed iron plates, placed at points fifteen and sixteen yards distant from the home base. *The pitcher must stand within the lines*, and must deliver the ball as near as possible over the centre of the home base, and for the striker.

SEC. 6. Should a pitcher repeatedly fail to deliver to the striker fair balls, for the apparent purpose of delaying the game, *or for any cause*, the umpire, after warning him, shall call one ball, and if the pitcher persists in such actions, two and three balls; when three balls have been called, the striker shall be entitled to the first base, and should any base be occupied at that time, each player occupying them shall be entitled to one base without being put out.

SEC. 7. The ball must be pitched, not jerked nor thrown to the bat; and whenever the pitcher draws back his hand, or moves with the apparent purpose or pretension to deliver the ball, he shall so deliver it, and must have neither foot in advance of the front line, *or off the ground, at the time of delivering the ball*; and if he fails in either of these particulars, then it shall be declared a balk.

In the first place it will be seen that the pitcher is confined in his movements, preliminary to delivering the ball, to a space of ground three feet by twelve, out of which he is not to step until he goes to field the ball after delivery; and when about to prepare to deliver the ball he must be within the boundary lines of this space. He must also deliver the ball "for the striker"—that is, pitch him such balls as he is accustomed to strike at, some batsmen liking low balls and some high. All, however, like the balls to come to them so that they can hit them with the bat within about six or eight inches of the end of it, and in order to get such balls they must stand so that the spot on the bat they want the ball to touch shall be over the home base.

It will also be seen that the rule requires that the umpire shall call balls on a pitcher when he fails to send in good balls, or such as can be considered fair, whether his inability to do so be the cause, or his inattention, as the rule says "for any cause." Therefore, when a pitcher sends in a ball out of the legitimate reach of the batsman, such as balls sent on the ground or over his head, or such as almost touch him or are wide of his bat, the umpire, after duly warning the pitcher of the penalty he is likely to incur, must call balls on him. Another thing is that in the delivery of the ball the pitcher must have both feet on the ground, inasmuch as the rule does not state that the feet must be flat on the ground, it will be interpreted as admitting of the lifting of the heel, but the toe must touch the ground at any rate) Umpires must remember, in deciding on this movement of the feet, that no one can lift his foot in delivering a ball until the ball leaves his hand, the lifting of the hind foot being the result of this delivery, as it is from the pressure of the foot on the ground that he derives the power to impel the ball with speed.

In interpreting "the time of delivering the ball," alluded to in the rule, umpires and pitchers must define it as meaning the *last forward swing of the arm on delivery*, inasmuch as the ball is delivered the moment it leaves the hand of the pitcher, and consequently the time of delivery must be the movement immediately preceding it, which is the last swing of the arm alluded to. It therefore follows that three points are to be kept in view in interpreting the new rules, viz., that the ball must be delivered "for the striker;" that the pitcher must have both feet on the ground when he makes the last forward swing of the arm on delivery, and that during his movements in delivering the ball, he must keep within the space marked out for his position.

A strict adherence to these rules must perforce result in there being less speed in pitching, the making of accuracy of aim the great desideratum in effective play, and the transfer of the interest of a match from the pitcher to the basemen and outerfielders. Of course we must expect to see a large increase in scoring, the probability being that the average runs of a match will be increased from twenty to thirty in a majority of games played; but inasmuch as finer displays of fielding must necessarily ensue from these new rules, and far more enjoyable games, this increase in the scores is of no importance whatever.

THE SPECIAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—We trust our ball players, one and all, and especially those who were either delegates at the last convention, or those who have been appointed their successors, will not forget that Tuesday, May 10th, is set down for the special meeting of the National Association, at which it is designed to transact business important alike to the interests of the Association and to the prospects of the present season. The Committee on Rules and Regulations will be present, to answer such interrogatories as may be put to them in reference to the proper definition or interpretation of the amended rules, and all those in doubt as to the right meaning of the rules had better put in an appearance on the occasion. Every member of the Association, or ball players belonging to clubs that are so, is invited to attend. The meeting will be held at the Gotham Cottage, 298 Bowery, at 8, P. M., precisely.

THE UNION GAMES.—The second of the series of "Union Games" on the Star Grounds, South Brooklyn, took place on Saturday, April 30th, the result being the success of Lennon's side by a score of 14 to 5 in a full game of nine innings, occupying but one hour and a half in playing it, the game therefore being the quickest on record. The following were among the players on the occasion: Norton, Lennon, McDearmed, Flanders, Thompson, Waddell, Povie, Kelly, Mitchell, Lewis, Crocheron, &c., of the Star; Kelly, of the Hudson River; Clyne, Langley and Flanly, of the Excelsior; and Crocheron, of the Nassau of Princeton. McCrea made the best score of the match on the winning side, and Denny on the other. McDearmed taking the lead in fielding by making several beautiful fly catches. On Saturday, May 14th, a series of prizes are to be contended for in these games. The prizes are two bats for best display of batting, and two balls for the best fielding. The sides on the occasion are to be chosen from the first nines of the Star, Excelsior, Atlantic, Enterprise, Eckford and Resolute Clubs. The following players have already been entered as contestants—Worth, McDearmed, Waddell, Kelly, Norton, Lennon, Povie, Mitchell and Thompson of the Star; Flanly, of the Excelsior; Rogers, of the Resolute; Cornwell and Meigs, of the Enterprise; Grum and Manolt, of the Eckford; and Chapman and Pearce, of the Atlantic.

BASE BALL IN ROCHESTER.—The members of the old Clubs in Rochester have organized a new Base Ball Club in that city, to be called the "Ontario B. B. Club of Rochester, N. Y.," by the election of the following officers: President, Henry C. Daniels; Secretary, O. M. Benedict, Jr.; Treasurer, S. B. Raymond; Director, P. H. Sullivan.

THE LIVE OAK BASE BALL CLUB, of Albany, N. Y., held their meeting for the election of officers on the evening of the 20th ult. The following named gentlemen were the candidates: President, Francis Leveine; Vice President, James Gaffney; Secretary, John Murphy; Corresponding Secretary, Sol. Shadick; Treasurer, John J. Evers; Captain 1st Nine, E. G. Vangassbeck; Captain 2d Nine, John McQuade; Delegates to Convention, Messrs Sidney Jones, P. Weldon, John McGinnis, and Michael Evers.

BASE BALL AT PATERSON, N. J.—A base ball match was played there on the 29th ult., between two new clubs named respectively Hiawatha and Empire, of which the following is the score:

HIAWATHA.	H.	L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H.	L.	R.
Westervelt, p	0		4	Dean, p	4		2
Miller, 1st b	3		3	Monhane, c	4		2
Smith, s s	1		5	Ellison, 1st b	3		2
Worden, c	2		2	Berdan, 2d b	3		2
Blauvelt, 2d b	4		2	Collier, 3d b	4		2
Douglass, 3d b	5		0	Doughty, c f	2		4
Smith, c f	5		0	Mahoney, s s	2		2
Conklin, l f	3		1	Hilton, l f	1		2
King, r f	4		0	Eakins, r f	4		0
Total	17			Total	18		

Umpire—William May.
Scorer—P. E. Hopper, for Hiawatha.
" J. Mills, for Empire.

BALL PLAY IN THE ARMY.—The "boys" of the 14th Reg. N.Y.S.V., and the Old Ninth N.Y., had their first base ball match of the season at Culpepper Court House, Va., on the 20th ult, but the game was not played as well as it might have been, had they had a little more practice. Johnny Grindell, the Soldier Ped, says that if Gen. Grant does not send them to have a match with Gen. Lee, they are willing to have another friendly match, but if he does, the blue coats think that the leaden balls will be much harder to stop than if thrown by friendly hands on the club grounds, which is a very philosophical view of the case. Below will be found the score:

BATTING.

FOURTEENTH N. Y. S. M.	O.	R.	NINTH N. Y. S. M.	O.	R.
Spowers, p	6	2	Connolly, p	2	4
Bennett, c	2	3	Baines, c	5	3
Long, 1st b	5	3	J. Tompson, 1st b	4	4
McGuire, 2d b	2	4	Joyce, 2d b	3	4
Brown, 3d b	3	4	Blaney, 3d b	4	3
Slattery, s s	2	4	Tabelle, s s	1	5
Welsh, r f	5	1	Biggs, r f	4	4
Cottier, l f	1	4	Vredenburgh, l f	2	5
Baldwin, c f	1	4	G. Tompson, c f	2	4
Total	39		Total	36	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	
Fourteenth Regiment	4	2	0	3	5	4	5	4	2	—29
Ninth Regiment	1	6	5	0	7	4	3	6	4	—36

Umpire—Lieut. A. M. Burtis, Q. M. Ninth N. Y.
Scorer for the Fourteenth—John H. Fisher.
" " Ninth—F. O. Flood.

A SECOND MATCH between the nines of the Ninth and Fourteenth Regiments was played on the 25th ult. Although the day was windy, John Grindell, our famous New York pedestrian, says "the soldier boys had some excellent sport, victory finally perching on the banners of the gallant Fourteenth." We here give the score:

FOURTEENTH.	H.	L.	R.	NINTH.	H.	L.	R.
Axtell, p	2		5	Connolly, p	3		4
Bennett, c	4		4	Baines, c	3		5
Baldwin, 1st b	3		4	Thompson, 1st b	4		2
McGuire, 2d b	5		3	Joyce, 2d b	1		5
Brown, 3d b	5		3	Tabley, 3d b	6		1
Welsh, r f	1		6	Blaury, r f	3		4
Long, l f	2		4	Vredenburgh, l f	3		4
Britt, s s	2		5	Davis, s s	4		3
Slattery, c f	3		4	Beggs, c f	1		5
Total	38			Total	33		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	
Fourteenth	6	2	2	4	1	11	3	4	5	—38
Ninth	4	3	2	8	1	3	7	2	3	—33

Umpire—Lieut. G. W. Martin, of the Fourteenth.
Scorers—Messrs. J. H. Fisher, Fourteenth, and Flood of the Ninth.

THE RING.

THE HEENAN TESTIMONIAL.

ANOTHER BIG TIME AMONG THE SPORTS.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

JIM HEENAN AS A SPEARER.

THE younger brother of John C. Heenan was very sensible in taking the course he did to give the sporting community a chance to see him before the excitement consequent on his arrival had died out, and yet it was not exactly Jimmy's doing, either, for if left alone to get up another affair of the kind in any other city, we are afraid he would come out minus. He had powerful and influential workers, people with hosts of friends who knew not James except from hearsay, but who worked late and early, and early and late to advance his interests. We've no doubt the other brother, Tim, could have had just such a reception as Jim had at the City Assembly Rooms on the 28th ult., had he tried it after his arrival home, for there is a sort of magnetism about the name of Heenan to attract the curious in like manner as it attracts the sporters. Folks may ask what this one or that one has done that he should have a benefit; whether he has ever fought or intends to fight, or helped the other pugs, or trained anybody, or seconded a man, or been in a tight corner, and a dozen more puzzling questions, all of which they have a perfect right to do, but it would be much the better plan if instead of asking each other, they would ask somebody capable of answering—in place of repeating the same question over and over again. Yet strange as it may appear, these are the very parties sure to attend, with all their captiousness. When it comes down to points, it doesn't matter chucks anything about any of the above queries. Do not star actor folks, with a valise full of 10-40's, a block or two of stone mansions, fast horses in abundance, women and wine, and all that sort of thing, have benefits? Heaven knows it is not because they are hard up, sick or poor, afflicted in mind or body—nary time. The main argument is that if any man can get a house full of his friends without going into the highways and byways, and compelling them to come in, that man has a perfect right to have as many benefits as he pleases, so let us have no more cavilling and innuendos against whoever may put himself up for popular suffrage—wait till the show is over, and if it turns out a fizzle—then you can say with the prophet, "I knew it would be so all along."

The night chosen for the "mammoth gymnastic, athletic, pugilistic, and variety entertainment" was far from being an agreeable one, a sudden change in the atmosphere making the weather wintry in the extreme for this season of the year. Owing to this, no doubt, the people were in no great hurry to get there, so that it was half-past eight or more before the seats got filled up; after that, and when the minstrel companies had changed their skins from Ethiop's dusky hue to Circassia's parian whiteness by the simple process of soap and Croton, the great hall gradually filled up until by ten o'clock the ground floor was nearly all covered The side galleries, however, which were so jammed up on the night of the clubbist and quill-driver's benefit, looked desolate and forsaken, there not being over a dozen on one side and none on the other; when full, these side galleries hold, we should judge, about five hundred people, but Heenan had a goodly number of the front seats reserved for the dollar customers, and as some $250 were taken by the agent, Sim Kehoe, at the door, (just $100 less than the last big show) we consider that doing extraordinarily well. The audience was a highly respectable one in every respect, and in all that vast assembly "not a sound was heard, nor a funeral note" which could give offence to the most fastidious. All was harmony, and the amount of handshaking performed, from the hearty grip of those who meant it to the indifferent lifeless two motion movement of those who didn't care two pins one way or the other, was enormous. Concerning the performers, there were several absentees, to wit, the Dobson Brothers, the Quitzow Brothers, George Arlington, Tony Hernandez, and Ed. Montague. Of those down on the bills who didn't perform, but who were present, David Dorian, the heavy dumb-bell lifter and Mickey Warren, the jig dancer,—the former had hurt his right arm, and the latter couldn't procure music, owing to Andy Roome having, since the bills were printed, been called upon to accept a lucrative engagement in Philadelphia.

Towards nine o'clock, the Director of Amusements, Mr. Sam Davis, of the St. Nicholas Bowling Rooms, mounted the stage, and after a well delivered speech, apologetic for the delay the audience had put up with, and complimenting them on their patience, introduced as the first performer, Ed. Russell, an exceedingly clever young gymnast of high born parients, who, dressed in a tightly fitting flesh colored silk shirt and white cassimeres, gave an elegant illustration of the proper use of the Indian Club, first with 15's, and afterwards with what are called 35's, the former of which he swung to the greatest perfection with an ease, celerity, and grace that elicited considerable applause.

James Wambold, the versatile Negro delineator, banjo performer, and comedian of 444, by permission of Sir Robert Butler, followed in a couple of his famous melodies with banjo accompaniment, meeting with well merited approbation. The Wambold was corked up, and we have seldom heard him do better, owing to the fine acoustic qualities of the hall.

Before Wambold had got back to the dressing room, Little Dick Hill, the Infantile Wonder, whose make up and style is equal to any of the dwarfs in the burnt cork profession, made his appearance, and with Jim to tune his lyre, Master Dick struck out in excellent time and good steps, the Essence of Old Virginny, introducing two or three new steps taught him by his tutor, Tom Briggs, which would make the Mouse open his eyes and become lost in wonder, love and praise—that is, if the Mouse isn't "prejuiced," as Neil Bryant would say. It is one thing to learn the steps in the Essence, but quite another to put them ship-shape, and some Nigs who think themselves high daddy on it, can't come within several feet of this little rooster. On its termination the Essence dancer was called before the curtain, or screen rather, and in response astonished people by bursting out with "What's a hungry nigger going to do?" one of the hardest songs on the books, and singing two verses without a single break or any tremulousness whatsoever, interspersed with a few off-hand steps between. He never sang in public before. Dicky has a very strong voice for a juvenile, and if he only improves as he grows in years, the public will see his name in print as big as Dan Bryant's one of these days. It is a singular fact that most of these prodigies are seldom or ever heard of when they arrive at the age of maturity, so says Joe Cooke, of the Sunnyside Hotel, and what he don't know isn't worth knowing, if Noisy Tom is to be believed.

Johnny Barry, the Jig and Clog Dancer, who mixes the cordials and draws the malt for the Club Rooms, was assigned the next position, and, rigged out in white shirt, black knee-breeches and pumps, with Wambold to play the music, he hunched out in regular Johnny Diamond style, rattling off a variety of difficult and stylish steps with the agility and nonchalance of an old stager. Like all good jig-dancers, Barry keeps his body as motionless as a statue, and has as much control of his feet as the Aaron boys have of their hands. As in the case of his predecessors, he, too, received an encore, but, as Wambold's time was up, and he must needs go to the American Theatre to amuse the boys, with whom he is such a great favorite, Johnny couldn't repeat.

The Motley Brothers, of circus fame, here gave one of their dexterous and attractive displays of posturing and tumbling, tossing each other about like things of naught, balancing, equipoising, and giving a variety of indescribable tricks so quick and slick as to cause frequent displays of enthusiasm from the audience. They had intended to do the double-globe act, as our friend Mons. La Thorne used to, but, as that wouldn't have been interesting without music, of which there was none of the right sort, they omitted it, giving, however, the greatest satisfaction without it.

Joe Foote, the long-limbed Club-swinger of Sylvan Cottage, then took hold of the heavy clubs, and twirled them through the air several times, but he was either out of practice, or didn't feel as well as usual, and did not make out as good as we have seen him before.

Harry Hill, another clubbist, took up the club business, both light and heavy, describing circles and semi-circles over his head and under his arms, twisting and twirling them about like a machine in a variety of styles, in an able manner.

The song and dance of Johnny Sturgis, a non-professional blackened up and in costume, was no very great shakes, but served to give a variety to the show. A well-known "patter" singer, as they call them over the water, banjoed for him behind the scenes.

The grand assault at arms between Profs. Heintz and Friedrich, in a series of brilliant thrusts and parries "mit der foils," was an emence affair, and showed that those fencing celebrites were "up to snuff" and smart as a steel trap. They each in turn got disarmed, and as our native born citizens begin to understand this accomplished art, the more will it become appreciated amongst us. It requires a quick eye, strong arm, great activity, and no small amount of courage to engage in a fencing match, all of which these Faderlanders possess in a superior degree.

By dint of hard coaxing, Tim Dermody, senior partner of the club firm, essayed his hands at the Indian Club exercise, and although he didn't even take off his dickey, the way he mastered the motions of those who had preceeded him, and more too, as Joe Fowler observed, showed that if he only had the practice he would soon be able to swing any of them for greenbacks.

"The art of boxing by the most accomplished and skillful men of the day" was inaugurated by Milage Cornell and Mike Nunan in a stirring encounter, wherein they showed no quarter, but got on and away again with a vim and earnestness quite enjoyable to the lookers on. It was a rattling affair, and the Count once landed such a hot 'un on the Brooklynite's adamantine nut that he fractured one of the fingers of his left hand in consequence.

Another hard thumping match was that between Tommy Meekin and Mike Costello, and although they both complained of not feeling pretty good, they didn't show any signs of pulmonary consumption when they got to work. The hitting showed that they intended business from the word go and no chenanigan; it is a well known fact that when Meekin starts he is a race horse and don't let up for nobody, and the manner in which the student stuck to it was a caution to linen drapers.

Jimmy Hanley and Mike Darsey, whose animus always insures a Merrimac and Monitor affray, put on the mits after the above, and, as usual, had it hot and heavy, belly aching one another after the most approved method, taking advantage of every opening and warming each other's lugs as they would do were they engaged in a strife for supremacy without gloves. People never get tired of seeing these youths pitted against each other, because they know there will be no child's play about it.

The most important and final event of the evening, the set-to between Jim Heenan and Prof. Whitney, was then announced by "that Sam," and the rivals, as they stood side by side in their snowy, tight-fitting undershirts, looked pictures of health, strength, and muscle. Jim stripe much bigger than one would suppose to see him in his togs, and although his regular gait is of the slow and sure, easy-going, John Bull stripe, he has a quick eye, and as he afterwards showed, possesses no inconsiderable amount of activity. He knew that everybody went there to see what he was made of, whether he possessed the extraordinary skill attributed to him by his friends, and knowing that, spread himself to the best of his know how. They had several lively rounds on the give and take principle, but as for any brilliant science being exhibited on either side, we couldn't see it. We didn't expect overmuch from Jim, but were disappointed in Whitney. When Heenan made his Wadhurst charges, hitting and slashing every which way so long as there was an opposing body, instead of Whitney's dancing capers, he should have steadied himself and aimed at certain points, as he has always done before when placed in similar positions. Heenan's style, which is fast and furious, would be just the thing for a rough fight, because by so doing he could, if he got the start, get in half a dozen good licks before a slow man could gather his wits together, but as a scientific sparrer he doesn't compare with Coburn by chalks. Whitney didn't expect the "rush-in-ball" game; on the contrary, from a previous understanding, he thought it was to be a scientific affair, on the hit and get away principle, and we only wish that Heenan and Con Fitzgerald had been opposed to each other that night—they would have made the fur fly, we'll bet. We find no fault with Jack, for he is one of the best sparrers and teachers of the art amongst us, but as he set himself up for criticism, so must he receive it. The set-to was a disappointment as regards Heenan's scientific abilities, but as we all know, some of the best fighters that ever breathed were poor sparrers, and people mustn't judge from that. The prize ring is the place to determine of what stuff such men are composed, and if he intends to try his luck there, then shall we see where his skill lies. Before the wind-up, Sam Davis made a very neat, short, pithy, original and pointed speech, returning Heenan's thanks. He also announced three benefits, as about to take place in the same hall—Cornell's on the 6th, Coburn's on the 10th, and the widow Phillips on the 14th. As the friends of the gallant chieftain Tom Hyer, are getting up another for him on the 16th, and none are more worthy or more in need at the present time, the month of May promises to be a merry one indeed among the sports. So may it always be.

THE THOUSAND DOLLAR MATCH.

PATSY MARLEY AND DOONEY HARRIS TO FIGHT ON THE 4TH INST.

Everything but the weighing has been completed for this interesting match, and as Marley is believed to be under the stipulated weight, there need be no fear of a forfeit. As we before announced, the weighing takes place to-day, the 3d inst., at a popular sporting drum, and although for prudential reasons we cannot give it publicity, there is sure to be a big attendance.

In company with a noted club swinger, we drove out to Mark Maguire's to see Dooney on Sunday, and found him in good health and fine spirits, he having gained considerable in weight since his benefit. The Young Giant, Jimmy Elliott, and Dooney, were taking a stroll down the road, as merry as grigs, and Dooney, one would think, was training for a wedding, instead of a hammering match. We did intend to have made a flying visit to Marley's training grounds, but couldn't make 'em in time. We never saw such a turn out of sports; every body was out, from Joe Coburn to Slim Jim, circus men, actors, publicans and sinners—ladies fair and unfair, and "such racing on the avenue we never did see."

The colors of both men are out—a dotted blue something like the old blue bird's eye, for Harris, but Marley's we haven't seen; they are probably on the Emeraldic pattern, though. Patsy's fogies can be procured at the Rising Sun, 68 Oliver street, and Dooney's at the Gem, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, at moderate rates.

Dooney Harris is 5 feet 8 inches in height, out of the thirties, and commenced his milling career with Nick Hannigan, one of the late Jack Bath's old opponents, fighting 106 minutes, 56 rounds for £25 a side on the 30th of January, 1855, which ended in a singular way, Hannigan getting the money. He next fought Joe Baldock, 24 rounds in 45 minutes, when the police interfered, and as Joe refused to renew the battle, Dooney got the stakes; this was in June 30, 1857. His last battle was with Jem Dillon (Dillon's first appearance) with whom he fought 52 rounds in 30 minutes, and lost by being so heavily thrown, that Jack Hicks threw up the sponge, although it was against Dooney's wish for him to do so.

Patsy Marley is but 5ft 4 inches, about ten years younger than Harris, and led off in the pugilistic world by licking Levin the Tinker in 51 rounds, 1 hour and 1 minute. His second contest was with Harry Burgess, with whom he fought a desperate battle of 61 rounds, lasting 1 hour 21 minutes; the sponge was thrown up in the 57th round, but Marley wouldn't stand it, badly punished as he was, and they had to pull him out of the ring eventually. His third engagement with Jack Parton, which he lost by grabbing Jack below the knees and throwing him, lasted 21 minutes, and 13 rounds were fought. His off hand mill with Con Orem is already familiar to the public. We give this little sketch of the career of both Patsy and Dooney before the mill, at the request of a number of our subscribers, although it is somewhat an unusual thing to do.

MILLING DOWN IN TENNESSEE.—Two pugilistic coveys named respectively McCallion and Dwyer, the former of Arkansas, and the latter of Illinois, had a short and merry mill for two "centuries" at Memphis, Tenn., about the 20th ult., which lasted just half an hour, and during which nine rounds were fought. Mac won first blood, first knock-down, first throw, and the fight. Jemmy Flynn and Dandy Roberts seconded McCallion; Dwyer was esquired by Jim McArdle and one of the Scotty family.

THE DOONEY HARRIS EXHIBITION.—This affair, which came off at the Stuyvesant on the 26th ult., was not o'er well patronized, we regret to say, the hall being only about three-quarters full, with a visible lack of the boxing fraternity. It being but one short week before the fight between himself and Marley, one would think all who take an interest in pugilism hereaway, ought to have been on hand on such an occasion, but it is a mighty hard matter now-a-days to get up a sensation about pugilists, unless in a match for the championship. The veteran Tovee was Director, and led off the sport by giving Slim Jim and Mickey Dorsey an introduction, which didn't result very agreeably to Mr. Long and Slender, Mickey walking right round him and administering some very ugly polthogues on his lug; it is proper (or improper) to add that Slim was or had been a-ling for a day or two previous thereunto. Dan Tyler and Cock Robin came next, Dan on the rush, Cock on the lay back, but we have seldom seen the Robin do worse. Joe Graham and Jack Gallagher, "Sailor Jack," just returned from a cruise on a man-of-war's man, had a lively and humorous bout, the facetiousness of the broken nosed gladiator making the affair highly amusing. Connolly and Murphy, a couple of kids, performed very tolerably. Barney and Johnny Aaron, than whom no two in the city make a prettier set-to, made a splendid show. Haley and Jack Leonard exchanged some hard smacks, Haley having the advantage of youth, although Ould Jack showed in fine form, and never flinched a bit. Ned Mullaney and Corcoran made a good old fashioned spar, knocking each other about like fun. The wind-up between Dooney Harris and his trainer, Jim Elliott, was an easy, sociable affair. Dooney stripped to the pelt, but he looked very thin. Harry Hill was on the bills to use clubs, which he didn't do, neither did the jig-dancer appear—why and wherefore we know not.

DOONEY HARRIS' COLORS.—Dooney's standard may be procured at Jem Colbert's, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, and as there are but a limited number gotten up, parties wishing to procure the same before the fight should apply this day, or they may not be able to get them at all. A specimen hangs behind the bar.

JACK TURNER'S PLACE.—New Yorkers and others visiting Boston should not leave without giving Jack Turner a call at the London Tavern, 105 Merrimac street, where we are assured the malt and spirits are of good quality. To those who would learn how to defend themselves with nature's weapons alone, from the assaults of ruffianly characters, Jack is the boy to teach the rudiments.

A WORK OF BENEVOLENCE.—Mike Brady, the Borst Brothers, and others, have secured the City Assembly Rooms for the 14th of May, when a bill of attractions will be presented of rare excellence. The occasion is for a benefit for the widow and orphan children of the late Charley Phillips, who was shot some time ago in Albany, and owing to his proverbial generosity amongst his associates, but little was left for the family so suddenly bereft of their main support.

TOM CRIB'S TOBACCO BOX.—People fond of looking at relics of great pugilists, should call at Ed Wilson's in Bleecker street, and see the identical tobacco box which Tom Cribb used for years and years, containing a piece of the tobacco he was wont to use before he was put under the cold, cold ground. The box is of horn, and curiously wrought. Tom Hyer had it in his possession for nearly twenty years, and it was he who presented it to Wilson. There can be no doubt of its genuineness.

DON'T AGREE WITH HIM.—A New Orleans correspondent says he saw Cockey Woods on the 13th of April, who says the climate there didn't agree with him, and he didn't think it will agree with any one who can't play Euchre. John is "kaur-rect."..... A mill was on the tapis, to come off soon, and "Zoozoo" says he will post us about it. He also says, "the town is alive with soldiers and sailors, and the cry is still they come. We are coming Father Abraham, three hundred dollars more."

MILAGE CORNELL'S COMPLIMENTARY.—Friday night of this week, May 6, has been set apart as an evening of recreation and fun by the many friends of Monsieur Milage, when high carnival will again be held at the City Assembly Rooms. No boxer in the country has been more willing to assist others than the Count, and it is the general opinion and wish that he will have a full house. He has secured four jig dancers, to wit: Mickey Warren, Johnny Barry, Thos. Thompson, and another; the Fencing Masters, who were at Heenan's; several acrobats, who will do their ground and lofty tumbling; Harry Hill, his boy Dick, and the Dobson Brothers, in their line of business; Prof. Dunn plays violin solos; Joe Foote and Tim Dermody are up for club swinging, and there will be no end of fun. As Milage was the first man to spar for Jim Heenan, the latter has given his bond to be there and spar, and the rest of the boxers are pretty sure to be on hand. The wind-up will be for a prize, and Milage Cornell and Prof. Whitney are to contend for it. Only 50 cents to see it.

A BENEFIT FOR THE CHIEF.—As the sporting community are well aware, Tom Hyer, the Chieftain of the World in his day, has been very sick for the past year or so, and as a balm to soothe his ills, as well as to procure him the necessary attendance which a man in his situation requires, a number of his friends are about getting up one real, bona fide, good benefit; and it will come off on or about the 16th at the City Assembly Rooms.

JOE COBURN'S FAREWELL AND LAST APPEARANCE.—On the 10th of May the Champion is announced to make his final bow before an American audience at the City Assembly Rooms in a set-to with Wm. Hastings. The 14th of May is set apart for his departure for Ireland to fight Jem Mace. An immense programme will be offered, and to add to the interest, "that belt" will be presented to Master Joe on the same evening. We shall give a bill of the play in our next.

CLAIMED FORFEIT.—By late Virginia City papers we perceive that Patsy Daley had claimed and got $250 forfeit from Bill Davis, owing to the latter's dust not arriving in time. William is exceedingly anxious to make a fresh match, and is open to fight Patrick for love or greenbacks.

BILLIARDS.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—In this merry month of May, towards the close of it, the billiard championship with all the insignia, emoluments, franchises and perquisites accruing, will be contended for in this city, in the "corrugated iron building," we believe, in Fourteenth street, by Messrs Dudley Kavanagh and William Goldthwaite. Speculation thus far has not been brisk, but as the day approaches we expect to hear of not a few greenbacks being invested at odds on Kavanagh, on account of his having been so far "the conquering hero."

FOX READY FOR A BRUSH WITH FOSTER.—The readers of the CLIPPER have already been made aware of the relative positions of these two billiard knights; how Fox made an open offer; and how Neil Bryant put forth McIvyn Foster's claim for an early audience from the Rochester Fox. Fox has replied thereto, and like a man of business, has forwarded $100 to Mr. Michael Phelan as a preliminary deposit for a match to be played at his own saloon in Rochester, on one of Phelan & Collender's four pocket tables, for $500 a side, 1500 points up, caroms. He requires, also, that $150 more a side be planked thirty days before the day appointed for the encounter, and the balance on

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY T. R. GOLD.

I've wandered in the village Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school house play-ground,
Which sheltered you and me.
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green,
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom—
Barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place,
Just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now,
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same,
Our pen-knives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the walls,
The bell swings to and fro,
It's music just the same, dear Tom,
As twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high,
That we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I had changed,
Since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon the elm,
You know I cut your name—
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch hath peeled the bark,
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name we cut,
Died twenty years ago.

My eyelids had been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties—
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved,
Some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea—
But few are left of our old class
Excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played,
Just twenty years ago.

THE FOOT-BALL.

A True Story of Brittany.

THE word *soule* is the name given in Brittany, one of the most delightful provinces in France, to a large ball of leather filled with bran, something after the fashion of a foot-ball. The game of *soule* is commenced by throwing the ball as high as possible in the air, and the possession of it is afterwards contended for by two opposing parties; the victory belongs to that party which has been able to carry it away into a parish other than that in which the game had commenced.

When the time and place of the *soule* has been announced, you behold, coming from all sides, old men, women, and children eager for the sight. That crowd is the indispensable advance guard of the combatants. The latter arrive afterwards in numerous bands, for the most part clothed in garments fitted carefully and closely to the body, in order that no advantage be afforded to the adversary by laying hold of them, and having besides around their waist a leathern strap or belt buckled tightly, so as to give strength to the loins and swiftness in the race. As soon as the *souleurs* are assembled the conditions of the game are proclaimed in a loud voice, the prize which is to be given to the victor is named, then both parties retire back an equal distance from a certain point, when the *soule* is thrown up; the struggle then begins.

It takes place at first between the weakest, the strong holding themselves aside and looking on with their arms crossed, encouraging and exciting their respective partisans; but they take no share in the fray more than in laying from time to time their vigorous hands upon some group of intermingled combatants; nevertheless, by degrees, these preludes become more ardent, more vehement; the *soule* is taken and retaken, and is already far from the place where it had been first started; the bounds of the commune are near; all feel it is time to interfere. The most impatient advances; a first blow is given, and immediately a cry is raised, all mingle in the fray, press, and struggle forward; one only hears amidst the loud imprecations and threatenings dull, heavy, deadly blows. Soon the blood flows, and at that sight a sort of frenetic drunkenness seizes upon the *souleurs;* an instinct, resembling that of wild beasts, awakens itself in the hearts of these men; the thirst of murder seizes them at the throat, pushes them on, and blinds them. In proportion as that strange mass is agitated, one sees it melting away and diminishing, because the most feeble fall down and the struggle is continued upon their bodies. At last the remaining combatants stand face to face, half dead with fatigue and suffering. It is then that he who has preserved the greatest strength endeavors to escape with the *soule*. Feebly followed by his exhausted rivals, he has soon attained the limits of the adjoining parish, and thus obtains the prize so much coveted. Nevertheless, that last flight is not always without danger; the tenacity and perseverance of an enemy full of hatred and animosity may render it fatal, as François, the *souleur* of Pontivy, found it.

This man had acquired an immense reputation in these games, and had made himself redoutable among the peasants in all the neighboring communes. He had at home hung up and ranged along the mantel of his chimney all the *soules* which he had gained, and which he exhibited with as much pride as the North American Indian the scalps in his wigwam. Though, indeed, age had diminished his vigor, he still suspended each year some new trophy over his hearth. One single man had for a long while disputed the superiority with the great *souleur*. This was a peasant of Kergrist named Ivon Marker. François broke one of this man's ribs at a *soule* which took place at Neupac in 1810, and Ivon died in consequence. His son, Per Marker, succeeded to the pretensions of his father without being more fortunate, for François put one of his eyes out at the *soule* of Cleguerec, and broke two of his teeth at that of Segleen. Since then Per swore to be revenged, "come what might come."

A *soule* took place at Stival, and the two antagonists were present. François remarked with surprise that Per shunned his approach during the fray, he in vain calling upon him, saying, "Come here, that I may take thy other eye."

The peasant made no reply, but towards the end of the day, the Pontivian having been overturned, felt at the same instant two iron-shod shoes striking savagely against his prostrate body. Looking up, he perceived the lustreless eye of Per, which rolled frightfully in its socket; but thanks to his efforts and the struggles of his friends, he was soon on his legs again.

Now the night began to fall, and most of the *souleurs*, overwhelmed with fatigue, drew off. A few, more furious, still disputed among themselves the possession of the prize. François at last got possession of the *soule*, and flew across the country. They tried to follow him, but he gained ground. Their cries reached him during some minutes through the fog of the evening; then he changed the direction of his course, and put them, as he imagined, upon a totally false scent.

The Pontivian stopped an instant to recover his wind. Never had he disputed a *soule* with so much perseverance. After stretching himself upon the cold ground he rose up and began to run towards a brook which separated the commune of Stival from that of Pontivy. Already he saw the willows which bordered it, when he fancied he heard behind him the dull and peculiar noise which the steps of a man make when he runs barefooted. He turned round, and perceived through the obscurity of the fog a shadow advancing rapidly towards him.

Then the old *souleur's* heart trembled, for he felt himself now too weak to defend himself. He determined to fly. Summoning to his aid all his remaining strength, he made for the rivulet, but the noise of the steps at his heels became every instant more distinct—the deep breathings of his pursuer were now heard—he made a last effort—he touched the willows—his feet were already in the water—he heard a cry behind him—an exclamation which he immediately recognised. Oh! that he could clear with a single bound the short space which remained to be overcome; but stiffened by fatigue he fell heavily upon the sharp stones which formed the bed of the stream; at the same instant a knee pressed against his chest, and he saw the figure of Per Marker over him, with his blinded eye and toothless mouth, scowling in a terrific manner. By an instinctive movement, François stretched his hand toward the left bank; for that side was the commune of Pontivy, and if he touched it he was saved; but the peasant Per Marker had seized that hand within his iron grasp.

"Thou art in Stival, citizen," said he; "I have a right to thee."

"Let me go!" cried the citizen.

'Give me the *soule*," vociferated Per Marker.

"Here it is. Loosen me now, then," returned François.

"Thou still owest me something, citizen."

"What do I owe thee?"

"Thy eye," shouted Per—"thy eye!" and in vociferating these words, he closed his fist, struck and struck till he demolished the left eye of François.

"Let go, assassin!" cried the latter.

"Thou owest me still something, citizen—thy teeth."

Hardly had these words been spoken when the front teeth of the Pontivian fell broken down his throat. Then a furious delirium took possession of the ferocious peasant. Holding under his left arm the head of François, he proceeded to hammer his skull with his iron-shod shoe which he held in his right hand. This, no doubt, lasted some time, for the following day they found the body of François near the rivulet, terribly disfigured, and giving no signs of life. Such, however, was the strength of the old *souleur*, that he returned to life, but it became necessary to trepan him, and since that day he remained blind of an eye and utterly imbecile.

Per Marker being subsequently tried at the assizes, gave no other answer to the questions of the presiding judge than that François of Pontivy was in Stival when he overtook him, and that it was in that manner that they played the game of the *soule*.

He was acquitted, but the *soules* were forbidden.

THE OUTCAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY S. S. B.

Some of us are decidedly bad and hardly worth saving from perdition. At home, among friends and in good society, we are seemingly high minded, virtuous and respectable; our language is guarded, our thoughts are weighed, and our actions restrained. Abroad, personally unknown, we freely indulge in self-gratifications, deceit and depravity, and soon become false, dissolute, reckless, impure and unprincipled. Young Clinton was an ardent, talented, witty, handsome, good-natured, impulsive and somewhat intriguing sort of a fellow. He was in the period when "light and darkness, and mind and dust, and passion and pure thoughts, mingle and contend." Under the cloak of smooth tongued hypocrisy he possessed an intimate knowledge of the vices and allurements of bawdy houses, gambling hells, low concert saloons, and the vilest kinds of so-called sporting life; although happily he had strength enough to resist the influences of these whirlpools of life, and gave promise of settling, after the wild oats season, into habits of industry and respectability.

Susan —— was a charming, warm blooded, voluptuous creature. She loved music, poetry, romance, pleasure and enjoyment; was full of vitality and fond of excitement. Virtue with her was necessarily forever on the alert. She learned to love young Clinton; while he on the other hand was attracted towards her more by the charming roundness and voluptuous fulness of her glorious young womanhood. Of course, Susan was brought up in the midst of excessive luxury and indulgence. Had she been properly reared her sensual feelings would have remained dormant and her peace and virtue intact. With his arm around her waist he drew the unresisting girl towards him and passionately kissed her full, pouting lips. Her struggling virtue became aroused, but his soft accents, his flattering and persuasive tone quieted her. Gazing upon her wistful, smiling countenance, her arched eyebrows, her partially opened mouth and languishing eyes, he spoke of their mutual desire, her heaving bosom and quivering limbs, and—pshaw! The old story. Clinton grew weary of his *amour*, returned home and established himself in his profession and became a highly respected member of society. Susan, soon to become a mother, was left to bear the righteous indignation of proud, unfaithful parents, the holy horror of outraged society. Poor, kind, forbearing society! Almost as innocent as the babe in her arms she was now violently turned out. Indeed we should be surprised had it been otherwise in this God-fearing age.

With the little money in her possession she took refuge in a tolerably decent room of a small lodging house, and proudly, almost defiantly, determined to earn a livelihood for herself and child with her needle. The change in her condition soon told upon her system and she became haggered and careworn. Her earnings barely brought her the mere necessaries of life. Still she struggled bravely and sometimes by unusual industry and labor succeeded in making two bosom shirts in one day, furnishing her own thread, for which she received the enormous sum of sixteen cents a piece, and which sold in the market for from three to three and a half dollars, costing the swindling unprincipled dealers less than two dollars each. Gradually she sank deeper into the mire of poverty, and now despair stared her in the face. Owing to circumstances easily understood by those acquainted with poverty and wretchedness, her child sickened and died.

It is unnecessary now to trace her course into a so-called respectable house of ill-fame—respectable because *respectable* men frequent them and assist in sending the unfortunate inmates into inevitable perdition. Suffice it to say that she struggled long and bravely against the injustice and inhumanity of civilized, Christianized society. Unfortunately, now the "invisible spirit of wine" took possession of her and she was frequently unfit for company in the fashionable house in which we find her. Daily indulgence in wine—perhaps to drown remorse and grief—her memories of the past, mother and child, was nothing unusual with her, in consequence of which she was turned into the street.

She soon reached the very depth of misery and degradation, herding with the vilest of the vile, in a filthy, dark and crime nursing alley. We need not follow her any further—through the days spent mostly in the stupor of intoxication, the evenings on the street and the night in debauchery; through the frequent scenes of strife and contest, and the final scene in the police court, where, with blackened eyes, dishevelled hair, bleeding face and tattered garments, she received the crowning act of humanity.

Susan —— was lost, forever lost, and the question occurs who and what is the cause of the ruin of her and thousands like her?—the poor wretches themselves altogether? Who of us is able to exclaim, shake not thy gory locks at me, thou canst not say I did it? Needle women complain of the miserable pittance they receive for their labor. Can we not refuse to purchase ready made clothing until the swindling dealers are more just? Christ pardoned a woman notoriously bad and bade her "go and sin no more." Can not we erring mortals pardon a fellow creature for a first mis step and, instead of casting her upon the world, the street, assist her to return, or rather to remain in the paths of virtue and rectitude? Truly

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless millions mourn."

THE CARD PLAYERS AND THE CORPSE.

A Deed of Sacrilege.

IT is many years since a gentleman happened to take up a night's lodging in a room which overlooked a church-yard, situated in the midst of a small town. Whether he was a stranger, a visitor, or a resident in the place, I cannot at this moment call to mind; nor do I mention the name of the town, for certain obvious reasons. The gentleman was young, strong, and by no means visionary; so that if he looked out of his window before he retired to rest at midnight, it was most probably to speculate upon the weather. Once having looked, however, he could not withdraw his gaze—his eyes were riveted upon the church—for he perceived, to his great surprise, that a light was burning within it, casting a dull gleam from the windows which surround the altar. He watched for a few moments in silence, and, it may be supposed, with as much awe as curiosity, until he was certain that there could be no deceit—for the light remained burning in the same place. He was resolved to ascertain what so singular appearance could mean; but he would not go alone—perhaps he durst not—perhaps he wished for the company of other witnesses besides himself.

One or two neighbors were called up, and the keys of the churchyard procured after some delay. There burned the light still; and, though their eyes were anxiously fixed upon it as the gate creaked upon its rusty hinges to admit them, it neither faded nor moved. They approached the building; the windows were so high that, to gain any view of what may be passing in the interior, it was necessary to have recourse to a ladder; this, too, after some delay, they obtained. They applied it to the large window of the chancel, and there was some deliberation as to who should first ascend. The gentleman who had given the alarm at last volunteered the service, and, with a panting breath, and a brow covered with beads of dew, reached the top and looked down, the rest huddling together behind him, and pressing closely one upon the other.

The sight he saw was sufficient to shake the courage of the stoutest. The communion-table had been uncovered, as for the rite, and drawn to a short distance from the wall. Two candles had been brought from the vestry, lighted, and placed thereon; three figures were seated round it, playing at cards! They were young men of licentious habits and notorious impiety; and their flushed countenances and disordered clothes showed that their present audacious act of sacrilege had been planned at some debauch.

But there was a fourth at the table—that fourth a corpse, which had that day been buried in a vault within the church! It had been dragged from its grave by these blasphemous rioters to assist at their game, as if they were resolved that no horror should be wanting. You may think how ghastly the dead face looked when contrasted with their rude and glaring countenances; how chilling was its motionless silence in return to their infernal ribaldry. Those who beheld looked long ere they could believe that living men could dare to perpetrate so enormous a crime. Other inhabitants of the neighborhood were presently collected; the church door unlocked; and the gamesters interrupted—who could have dared to wait until the game was played out? They were immediately taken into custody; and it was further discovered that the criminals belonged to some of the most respectable families of the place. How they had gained an entrance, or what had tempted them to so fearfully wicked an act, was never known—or, if it was known, was never told; for, in consideration of their families, the matter was hushed up, the miscreants allowed to escape from ——, to reappear there no more!

DEATH AND THE PLAYER.

The playhouse doors have opened wide, the pit and gallery fast
Have filled to overflowing; but the crowds are placed at last,
The lights are up and all is gay—the piece, besides, is new.
The curtain slowly rises, then the prompter gives the cue;
The actors strive, the audience cheer, their voices loudly ring—
Alas! they little think that death is *waiting at the wing!*
While the jests are being uttered to their laughter and applause,
As the audience seem so merry, why do the actors pause?
In a moment there is panic, they do not give it breath,
Life's *final* scene is acting out—it is the "dance of death."
It is known but to the players that one actor is no more,
And they must tread the stage and look as cheerful as before!
They have at once to reappear, and so they do—but how?
Think not it is without a pang that they continue now.
They are full of kindly feelings, but they must earn their bread,
Though they have left so recently the presence of the dead.
'Tis thus amidst the business and the bustle of our lives
That we "go on," scarce pausing till we find our turn arrives.
"Life's a jest" with all its troubles, and the player is at rest,
For death has entered and cut short so suddenly the jest.
The old, sad tale is soon made known, that at the winow's door
Comes poverty swift after death. The actor leaves no store
For wife or child, but trusts them to our bounty and our care;
Then let us strive to calm their fears, in memory of the player.

A FOOT OF TALK ABOUT FEET.

BY JIM BOWS.

IN commencing at the head and going down to the foot, I don't wish to set an example for you to follow, for it is much more honorable and praiseworthy in most conditions of life to begin at the foot and gradually work up to the head. The foot is the only corn growing section on the human frame, and the emphatic and decisive man raises the largest crop, because he continually plants his foot *down*."

In all the walks of life, to say nothing about the runs, the foot plays an important part. Without it there wouldn't be any promising shoemakers; Prentice's *last*, and all other lasts, would become worthless lumber. The light fantastic toe could have no existence, and dancing would be unknown, unless people danced upon their heads, which for obvious reasons couldn't be indulged in by both sexes.

A foot in long measure is twelve inches, but I have seen it where it overrun twenty. Big feet have been a serious puzzle to scientific men before now. Some of them have contended that they are live things, with breathing apparatus and bowels. The propensity that feet often exhibit to go astray, and walk in by and forbidden paths, shows that they are more than half human.

With the Chinese small feet are highly prized, and the measure of female loveliness is (in a measure) the shoemaker's measure of her foot. The lady who requires the most support in walking is the most charming to the almond-eyed Celestials. A Chinese romance begins as follows: "Soo Sly, the daughter of the philosopher Po-Poo, was fairer than rice and more graceful than the bamboo. Her foot was no longer than her finger, and when she walkod she tottered with the most engaging helplessness."

In compressing the foot of a Chinese female, the toes are turned under and back, so that when she grows up, although she may exhibit an apparent tendency toward vice, she is in reality "toeing it" in the opposite direction.

In romances of the chivalric period we frequently read of a *feet* of *arms*, which is not only ungrammatical, but is manifestly inconsistent. It is no more paradoxical, however, than to say a dancing master is a good hand with his feet as you sometimes hear.

Fleet-footed people don't run the best, always. Jo Bows can run inside of a mile in a minute, and yet he was once beaten in a race for the office of pathmaster, in a small village of York State, by a wooden leg'd man. Jo Bows didn't keep up with his ticket, while the wooden-leg'd man ran far ahead of his.

The best run of billiards I ever saw was made by a man who had but one leg. In my native town the old lady who made the longest "run" of yarn in the shortest time had been confined to her house for twenty-five years with the rheumatism.

My readers, let me entreat you to pause often and scan closely the paths in which your feet are walking. There is a path, broad, level and descending, paved with gems that glitter to deceive, lined with the primroses of pleasing guilt and the carnation of unlawful passion. When you find your feet traversing that road, look out! Shut your eyes to the primroses, trample the carnations under your feet—take the rough and rugged road instead, which, though a hard road to travel, will land you on the tother side of Jordan.

CAREER OF THE LATE PETER CRAWLEY.

In a recent issue we briefly referred to the death of this much respected old time pugilist and conqueror of Jem Ward, who, however, could never induce Peter to try it on again either for love or money, and the two remained firm friends up to Crawley's death. Of late years Crawley was fast going blind, but his cheerful manner and jovial disposition made him forget his misfortune, and a better companion among the London boxers we never met. His house in Smithfield was the headquarters of all the crack pigeon shots, and when the market used to be held there he made heaps of money. Izzy Lazarus is a *protege* of the late Peter Crawley, and the veteran Tovee claims the same high honor. Below will be found a racy description of his milling career not referred to in Fistiana. Crawley was originally designated as "The Young Rumpsteak," in consequence of his florid complexion. The chief points of his career will be found detailed below:—

His first introduction to the fancy was in a trial set-to with Mr. Thomas Watson, at the late George Head's rooms, in East Harding street, Gough-square, on Wednesday, February 11th, 1818. This combat proved so satisfactory to all his friends by the science and straight-hitting displayed by Peter, that he was pronounced capable of having a "shy" in the prize ring; and, in the ecstacy of the moment, the sire of Crawley exclaimed, "My boy bids fair to become the Champion of England!" But, before we proceed to give an account of his grand climacteric in the milling world, we shall introduce to the notice of the amateur the capabilities he manifested as a boxer during his boyhood, and his successful exploits in skirmishes and "turn-ups" with men of almost twice his weight, strength and years.

Peter was born at the residence of his father, on Newington-green, on the 5th of December, 1799, and was, at the proper period of life, initiated into the business of his father, who was one of the "cutting-up" tribe! Young Peter soon discovered a *penchant* for milling amongst the "Boys of the Cleaver," in Clare-market; and he was called upon to act as a second when little more than fourteen years of age, in the Long-fields, to a kid belonging to the above market. In the course of the battle, words ensued between the seconds, and blows followed. Hurst, a big blacksmith, pitched into Peter, before he could get his coat off, and while his arms were confined in the sleeves. But the instant our hero disengaged himself from his toggery, Hurst napped such lots of pepper, in the course of three rounds, that he was glad to cut it, and acknowledge Crawley his master.

George Colman, also of Clare-market, had a turn-up with Peter, in consequence of a dispute relative to a battle between two cocks. Some rounds occurred between them, when their respective friends interfered, and the parties retired from the scene of action, without any decision being obtained upon the subject.

Charles Bennet, a man of superior weight and age, likewise of Clare-market, a dog fancier, had a shy with Peter for upwards of a quarter of an hour. Crawley was sadly disappointed in this contest, and deprived of his laurels by the interference of the master of Bennet.

Peter had now become an object of attraction in the milling line in Clare-market, as well as being envied by the "kill-bull" fraternity. Tom Price of the same place, had a trifling dispute with Peter about cocking, and threatened to scrub out our hero without delay. "Come along," said Peter, "I'll do it well for you at the price; in fact, I will give you a prime thrashing, and not charge you one farthing for my trouble." This contemptuous mode of treating Price's boxing requisites made the latter angry, and he peeled, "eager for the fray." In the course of twenty minutes Price declared he would not fight any longer without Peter would allow him time to get his wind. To this unusual request Crawley agreed, and Price immediately took a walk, as his second termed it, to get a little air; but Tom never returned to finish the battle, leaving Peter master of the ground.

Crawley changed his place of residence, and Bloomsbury market now became the scene of his exploits. The Bloomsbury boys had quarrelled with the lads of the Coal yard, in Drury-lane; and a strong muster on both sides of the question met in battle array, to decide the dispute. The pals of Crawley became panic-stricken, bolted, and left Peter in the lurch. Harry Buckstone, the leader of the Coal-yard party, pitched into Peter, and, had it not been for a gentleman who was passing by at the time, in all probability Crawley must have been soundly drubbed by the whole of the squad. The gentleman alluded to offered his services as a second to Peter, in order to ensure fair play. Crawley now set to so hard and fast with Buckstone, punishing him in all directions, that the latter took to his heels and bolted, followed by all of his mob, the spectators laughing at the circumstance, and Peter receiving the applause of the spectators.

The next customer that came in the way of Peter was Tim McCarthy, in the Long fields. The late Jack Randall witnessed this battle. The match was regularly made for five bob a side, and contested on both sides with as much spirit as if it had been for £500. In the course of 20 minutes poor Pat was done over.

During a visit to Bermondsey, Peter was abused by a saucy waterman of the name of Tom Tyler, who had flattered himself that, in consequence of a skirmish with Deaf Davis, he could fight a "tiny bit;" but he was most egregiously disappointed in standing before Crawley. One punch from Peter, perhaps not altogether unlike the kick of a horse, so alarmed and satisfied Tyler, that he would not fight any more. This ludicrous circumstance took place opposite the Green Man, in the Kent road.

Peter had scarcely passed over his sixteenth year, when he had an accidental turn-up with a strong carman, weighing twelve stone and a half, and about twenty-five years of age, belonging to Shirley, the distiller. Peter was driving his father's cart, in order to collect skins, when he was met in Warwick lane by the above carman, who would not give way, although on the wrong side of the road. Crawley remonstrated with the carman on the impropriety of his conduct; but the "Knight of the Whip" threatened to horsewhip Peter for his impertinence. "Stop a bit," says Crawley, "two can play at that fun; therefore I advise you to be cautious, and be careful that I do not get the whip-hand of you." Shirley's carman was well known in Newgate market as a troublesome customer, but Peter nevertheless tackled him, without the slightest fear or apprehension of the result. The science of Crawley soon told on the upper works of the carman; and, although a strong fellow, he was hit all to pieces, and, in the course of half an hour, so severely punished by the heavy blows of Peter, as not to be able to keep his pins. He was carried quite helpless into the distillery of his master, and, notwithstanding every care was taken of him, some little time elapsed before he resumed his daily occupation. So much for the decisive handiwork of Peter.

Crawley accidentally went in one evening to the King's Head, in Cow Heel alley, in Whitecross street, to treat an acquaintance with something to drink, when he was rudely accosted by some Irishmen, and otherwise roughly treated. Peter begged of the "Grecians" not to interfere with his company, when words arose between them. A row commenced, when Peter and his pal, Oliver (not Tom), disposed of several of the hob men in succession, and ultimately cleared the whole room of all the "Patlanders;" but not until one of them had made use of the fire shovel belonging to the landlord to crack Peter's sconce, and let out the claret. The "Charleys" were brought in to take Peter and his friend to the watch-house; but the landlord behaved like a trump, and planted Crawley in his bar until the search was over, when Peter departed in safety.

Owing to some trifling dispute between Crawley and an athletic brewer's servant in Whitecross-street, a turn-up was the result; but, in the course of four rounds, the big drayman was glad to acknowledge he had received too much.

One Paddy Flanagan, an Irishman, full of pluck, and not less than six feet in height, much heavier than Peter, and having the advantage of ten years in age, had a turn-up with Crawley. Flanagan purchased a loin of pork at the shop of Peter's father, during the bustle of Saturday evening, and appearing well satisfied with his bargain, went away; but in a short time he returned with the pork, after he had cut off on the sly two of the ribs of the loin, and insisted they had deceived him with short weight. Of course this insinuation produced a row and great confusion in the shop, and Peter, at the request of his father, endeavored to turn out Flanagan. Paddy showed fight, and for a short period was a strong, troublesome customer on the stones. Peter was thrown flat on his back into the kennel full of water, and by his fall rendered completely wet through to the skin, and almost choked by the tight grasp of his antagonist upon his throat. Crawley, however, soon took the lead, and tipped it to Paddy Flanagan so completely that at the end of half an hour he resigned the contest in favor of Peter. But Flanagan had recourse to the strong arm of the law; he appeared before the magistrate at Worship-street Police-office, complaining of the unmerciful treatment he had experienced at the hands of Crawley; indeed,

"His face bespoke a heart full sore."

Armstrong, the officer, was despatched to execute the warrant, but the father of Peter made it all right, at the expense of £2. The senior Crawley, from the striking abilities displayed by Peter over the powerful Flanagan, entertained an opinion, for the first time, that "his boy" would stand a good chance, in due time, with the best pugilists in the P. R.

About three weeks after the above row, Peter was standing, during the evening, at the corner of Redcross-street, when three Patlanders of the same squad rudely assailed him, and nearly pushed Peter off his balance. Remonstrance was in vain, but Crawley said to them, "Do not attack me all together—only stand in a line, and I will lick you one after the other." This speech had not the desired effect; they all pitched into Peter at once, but he soon floored two of them, and the third bolted, without waiting for a taste of Crawley's quality.

OUR GAME BAG.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.—The following is a copy of a painter's bill, presented to the Vestry of a Scotch Church in 1707, for work done in a church:

To filling up a chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.
To a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lions' den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness.
To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.
To cleaning the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm.
To a new skirt for Joseph's garment.
To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a long boat for Noah's Ark.
To giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam.
To painting a new city in the land of Nod.
To cleaning the Garden of Eden after Adam's expulsion.
To making a bridle for the Good Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs.
To putting a new handle to Moses' basket, and fitting bulrushes.
To adding more fuel to the fire of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed, "By me sowl, an' that's a good idee! Shure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his life time!"

HABIT.—Even the contempt of pleasure may, by the force of habit, become pleasant.

A PROVERB.—He who would not provoke rudeness must not practice it.

ANGER.—To suppress rising resentment is both manly and divine.

NOT A-MISS.—A rich and lovely widow.

A WOMAN shouldn't be too sweet. To be smeared with honey is to be teased by insects.

IN merry conversation, it is now and then a very good joke to put in a very bad one.

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath," as the boy said when he hurled a snowball at his schoolmaster.

THE IMPERTINENCE!—The reason why ladies' watches are made of the diminutive size they are, is because time is generally such a very small object in a lady's eyes.

POOR DOG TRAY.—*Lady:* "What on earth, Mary, have you been doing with that dog; he is dripping with water?"
Mary: "It's all Master Tom; he's been and tied him to the end of a pole, and cleaned the winders with him."

DISTRESSED OPERA-TIVES.—Singers with an execution.

AN UNPALATABLE BLACK DRAFT.—Raising negro regiments.

THE BEST BILL OF THE PLAY.—Shakespeare.

A WHERRY POOR JOKE.—A few gentlemen were pulling up the river one day, in order to enjoy, as one of them remarked, "the last rows of summer."

AUGEAN FEAT.—We understand that a disgustingly filthy ditch was successfully cleared the other day, in less than a second, by an experienced jumper.

LORD DUNDREARY'S REASON FOR NOT RESIDING IN ITALY.—Because it is too much out of repair for a fellar.

MOTTO FOR A FAIR STALL-KEEPER AT A "FANCY SALE"—"Semper cadem." Very free translation. "No change."

PARTNERS IN A MILL.—Heenan and King.

THE DRAMA.—A dramatic author lately taxed his invention. We understand that his invention has appealed, claiming exemption on the ground of immemorial custom.

MUSICAL.—A celebrated *maestro*, who is generally very successful with his audience, recently composed himself to sleep.

THE TICKET-OF-"LEAVE."—A pawnbroker's duplicate.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a swarm of bees like a popular serial? Because they come out in numbers. Why is a want of manners like forty perches? Because it makes one rude (rood). Why is a learned young lady like an ignorant one? Because she is miss informed (misinformed). Why does a person who is slightly poorly lose his sense of touch? Because he doesn't *feel well*. Why is the nose in the middle of the face? Because it is the scenter.

CLOTHING THE NAKED.—Patrick O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "whin I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, but now she's covered with 'em."

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.—The world is a theatre; mankind are the comedians; chance composes the piece, and fortune distributes the parts.

A PRETTY HINDOO PROVERB—Here is a pretty Hindoo proverb: Sweet is the music of the flute to him who has never heard the prattle of his own children. Some that have heard the prattle, at times have preferred the flute.

AUCTION SALE OF HORSES.—Lot 1. A fine horsechesnut mare, the property of Mr. Spavin, fetched three hundred and fifty pounds of potatoes from market.

Lot 2. A magnificent horse, the property of the Mayor, was knocked down (without any apparent uneasiness to the animal) to Guiness for thirty guineas—this animal was in rather a lean condition, but will soon get stout in his new quarters.

Lot 3.—A thorough brown bread mare, the property of Captain Snaffle, of Ryde, was sold for—an obvious reason over which the owner had no control.

Lot 4.—A handsome cob-nut brown, belonging to a colonel, fetched a good round sum—viz, $000.

Lot 5.—A clever gray pony—not grey from its age, but from its birth—suitable for a lady who is about to drive a bargain, warranted to stand still faster than any other pony of the same size or glutinous substance.

Lot 6.—A very useful hack, but small, the property of Mr. Staggers, of Hackney. Although this animal was suffering from cold (for it was quite obvious that he was a little horse) he was sold to Signor Gotakoff for—better or worse.

Lot 7.—A roan foal, the property of a lady, which fetched her own price, and being a very fast trotter (having beaten Sheap's trotter several times) went off with flying colors.

Lot 8.—A clever racer, belonging to Mr. Unwyn, but having recently undergone a severe contest, and afterwards being scratched somewhere, was pronounced *horse de combat*, and consequently sold—his owner.

Lot 9.—Two handsome donkeys, the joint property of Messrs. E. Hawes and Braydie, pronounced to be two perfect asses, were sold to A. K. Nacker, to run at the next Cat's meet.

A HEALTHY EATER.—Quite a number of years ago there lived in the town of G——, Androscoggin County, Maine, a man of the name of L——. He was farmer, stage-driver, and hotel-keeper, and was blessed with a large family of boys. Among them was the hero of our yarn. Ide was the name that he was known by. He was lean, long, lank, and scrawny. Always on hand to run of errands, and to do chores generally. One very hot day in July, Ide was sent off about three miles to a mill, with a large lot of grain to be ground. Unluckily for him, there was quite a quanity in before he got there, so that it was late in the afternoon before the miller got to work upon Ide's lot. The water was low, consequently the mill-stones revolved rather slowly. Ide was hungry, and his inner man got uproarious, and looking up to the miller (Uncle Reuben,) he says, "Uncle Reub, I can eat that meal faster than you grind it." "Ah, my boy," says Uncle Reuben, "how long could you do it?" *Why, till I starved to death!"* said Ide. Uncle Reuben said that he never got such a shot before.

A CLEVER CHECKMATE.—In the famous year 1745 the Bank of England attempted a mean but unsuccesful trick upon her rival, Childs', by collecting about half a million of their receipts, and sending them in at a single blow. The wary bankers, however, had got scent of the plot, and were provided with a check upon the enemy for 700,000, drawn by the celebrated Dutchess of Marlborough. When the notes were presented in a great bag they were examined singly, to give time for the check to be cashed in Threadneedle Street, and the malicious old lady was then paid in her own notes, which chancing at that time to be at a considerable discount, a large sum was made by Childs' by the transaction.

STANDING FEAT.—There are many persons of weak intellects who place great value on very frivolous accomplishments, and become very vain of possessing them. A stranger came to Sparta to see the city, who had acquired the habit of standing a long time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he told him vauntingly, "You could not preserve that posture so long."—"I know that," replied the Lacedæmonian; "but a goose can."

BOLTING.—How might an imprisoned locksmith easily effect his liberty?—By being allowed to make a bolt.

A GHOST WE SHOULD LIKE EXCESSIVELY TO SEE.—The ghost of crinoline.

Q. Where does Neptune stable his horses? *A.* Why, wherever the Sea-Mews may be, of course.

RATHER A SELL.—*Lady of the House* (with affected ignorance of the dishes on her table): Aa, Wilson, aw, what are those tarts?"

Disguised Green-Grocer: "Them, Mum, them's three-pence apiece!"

FOOLISH EXPERIMENT.—A person recently set an investigation on foot. He complains that it hurts him.

THE LATE FIGHT.—The reason why so much was charged to take people down to the fight between Heenan and King was to make the affair more select, on the supposition that "the roughs" would not be able to come down with "the ready."

A STICKER.—Why is a bill-poster one of the most loyal of servants?—Because he always sticks up for his employers.

PROLONGING EGGS-ISTENCE.—"John," said a stingy old curmudgeon to his apprentice, as he was taking dinner, "do you know how many eggs you've eaten?"—"No," said John.—"Well," said his master, "you have eaten fourteen."—"Well," said John, "you count, and I'll eat."

THE BEST STOCK TO INVEST IN.—That of health.

FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.—A father of a family recently lost his temper, to the great delight of his friends, as it was a very bad one.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.—Mixing whisky-toddy.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Splitting your vote.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

TOURNAMENT.—The sixth annual Tournament of the Philadelphia Chess Club has been in progress for some weeks, and is rapidly approaching completion. There were sixteen competitors. When ended, we will name the winners from the 2d round of jousts—if space admits.

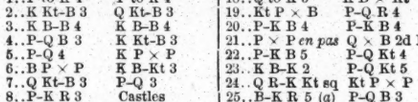
HERREN SCHORL AND MAX LANGE recently contested a match in the "Augusta" Club, of Leipsic, which was won by the latter.

MUSÆOLA Club, Brooklyn.—What has become of you?

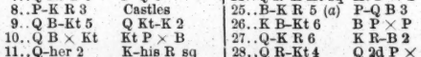
Enigma No. 427.

One of the earliest problems in the *Albion*, 1848.

BY C. H. WATERBURY.



at Q B 4, Q R 5, Q 6, Q R 6th.



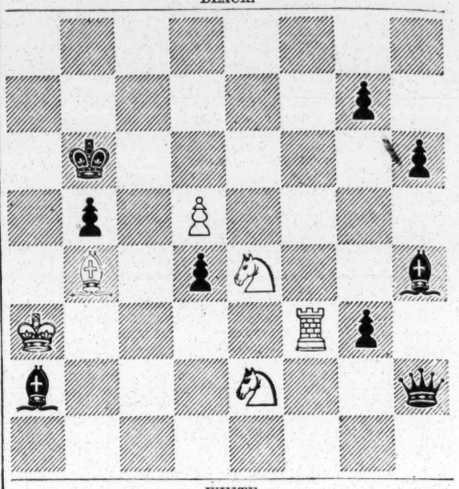
at Q Kt 2, Q B sq, Q R 7, Q B 3, K 3d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 427.

BY JOHN GARDNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 427.

Unpublished game played in the Brooklyn Chess Club between our late lamented friend and contributor Jas. A. Leonard, and the President of the club.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack. Perrin.	Defence. Leonard.	Attack. Perrin.	Defence. Leonard.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	18. Q to K 3	K B × Kt
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	19. Kt P × B	P-Q R 4
3. K B-B 4	K B-B 4	20. P-K B 4	P-K B 4
4. P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	21. P × P *en pas*	Q × B 2d P
5. P-Q 4	K P × P	22. P-K B 5	P-Q Kt 4
6. B P × P	K B-Kt 3	23. K B-K 2	P-Q Kt 5
7. Q Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	24. Q R-K Kt sq	Kt P × P
8. P-K R 3	Castles	25. B-K R 5 (*a*

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GEORGE SWAIN BUCKLEY.

THIS eccentric comedian was born in Bolton, Eng., in 1831. His father, a well known violinist in that city, came to the United States in 1849, bringing with him his three sons, George, Bishop, and Frederick. The subject of this sketch made his first appearance in public as the "Infant Prodigy" at Harrington's Museum, Boston, in 1840. It was at this time that he first commenced the study of the banjo under the celebrated Joe Sweeney, and in a short time acquired such remarkable proficiency, that "Joe" adopted him as his *protege* and starred him throughout the States for several seasons under the appellation of Young Sweeney. In 1843 the Buckley Bros. organized a minstrel band, with their father, James Buckley, as leader, and made their first appearance in that combination at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, meeting with the most flattering success, Mr. George Buckley being the principal tenor singer and comedian. At the close of their first season, they traversed all the Middle and Southern States by means of their own teams. In 1847, they visited Europe, and after a successful pilgrimage of sixteen months through the principal cities and towns in England, Ireland, and Scotland, they returned to America and opened at the Society Library Rooms, in New York, in 1849, as the "New Orleans Minstrels."

In 1852 they visited California, and performed successfully in all the principal settlements and mining regions, climbing and fording their way on mules, over mountains, rivers, and through floods. In all their difficult movements of toil and peril, George was the *avant courier* and principal performer in the band; frequently riding fifty miles a day to engage halls, advertise, and return in time to keep his end up with the boys at the evening performance. After leaving the Pacific they returned to New York, and in 1853 opened at the Chinese Rooms, and created quite a sensation in the production of burlesque operas. In 1856, they erected their new hall, No. 585 Broadway, but the financial panic, which gave many a concern a heavy shake, proved also detrimental to their enterprise. In 1858, they opened at Spaulding and Roger's Amphitheatre, where they performed for nine consecutive weeks to large receipts. In March, 1860, they sailed for Engand, and their success in all the provincial towns throughout Great Britain, and in London, was flattering and encouraging in the highest degree, but unfortunately, after expending large sums of money in decorating and refitting numerous halls and theatres for the production of their burlesque operas, managers of different theatres became jealous of their popularity, and called up against them an almost forgotten statute in the law, relative to the performance of operas, and which excluded from license all but the regular Royal Opera; they appealed against it, but without success. The obsolete statute was enforced against them, and the Buckleys were compelled to abandon their enterprise and return to this country, arriving here in 1861. They then visited all the principal cities in the Loyal States, and finally settled down in Boston in June, 1863, where they are now one of the fixed institutions of that city.

In all their movements of art, enterprise, and novelty, George Buckley has been an important lever, while as a performer his versatility and talent are unsurpassed. His rendition of the principal *roles* in burlesque operas entitles him to great praise. In his "Octogenarian" act, a serio-comic negro of four score years, he has recently developed genius of a high order, and his performance of the character at the Boston Theatre for the benefit of the veteran manager, Thomas Barry, was the theme of general praise. His "Sally Come Up," is also very clever, while as a vocalist and opera tenor, apart from the burnt cork "biz," he has received the flattering applause at fashionable concerts. At present, manager of Buckley's Minstrels, Boston.

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The eminent French billiard player, M. Berger, has published the following opinion:
"NEW YORK, 2d August, 1861.
"On the eve of leaving the United States, I am happy to

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City Summary.

MONDAY, May 2d, 1864.

"MAY, MAY, beautiful May," with zephyr-like breezes and flowers so gay, we *bid* you welcome, and hope your stay may be pleasant and agreeable to all who have passed through a disconsolate *winter*, and a very demoralised spring. A young and blooming girl once said to her mother, as we learn by a penny ballad now before us, "You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear; for to-morrow will be the 1st of May, the happiest of the year," and so forth. Now, we have no desire to enter into a well-arranged argument with any girl just emerging from the chrysalis state into a full-blown woman; but this we dare unhesitatingly assert, that the lady who made the above unreasonable request to her aged and, very likely, decrepid maternal parent, could never have been in New York on the 1st of May: otherwise she would have entertained a far different opinion to that expressed in the epistle from which we have quoted. Why, the 1st of May in the metropolis is the most trying, uncomfortable and wicked day in the whole criminal or any other calendar. In the antiquated language of an antiquated writer for the penny ballad press: "It's crash, crash, bump, thump, scold, scold away; the de'il the bit of comfort is there on the 1st of May." To make our ideas of it still more clinching, we might observe, in the unfettered and unfathomable language of another poetical distiller, "It were better that a man had ne'er been born than to be a man of family, or good provider, and live in New York on the 1st of May, Anno Domini, 1864, or any other domini." Single men of large families can have no idea of the trials a married man has to undergo on the before-mentioned "happiest day of all the glad New Year." Why "it's pizen"—there's no sight for a family man—it's all hurry and bustle, and noise and confusion; no breakfast, no dinner, no supper; nothing but grumbling and sour looks from the women folks, whom some treacherous writer speaks of as being "altogether lovely." If you want to see lovely woman in her natural and unabridged state, just look about you on the 1st of May. Dear, dear, but ain't they horrid-looking on moving day. Wash-day don't *begin* to develope their many natural and unnatural beauties and characteristics, like the 1st of May. We saw a gang of these fragile plants [*plants* is sarcastic] break a man's back once, merely because he hinted that it was dinner time. It takes a mighty courageous man to *attempt* to buck against an enraged woman at any time, but it would take Grant's whole army to tackle one of 'em on May day. Now, let it be fairly understood that we are not antagonistic to the sex, singly; on the contrary, we offer our seat to an invading fair one in a crowded car; we cut out the tenderloin of a nicely broiled steak, and place it upon lovely woman's plate; we permit her to cover us up with crinoline and such stuff; we jump into the breach, and get run over on Broadway, that *she* may be saved; for all of which kindness and little attentions we are not rewarded by a pleasant smile even. If such acts do not prove our devotion to the sex, nothing will. But we abhor and detest a *mob* of women on May day—'tis then that they conspire against us; 'tis then that they do all manner of evil things to annoy us; 'tis then that they act like she-devils, and drive man to desperation and degenerate whiskey. We abominate moving day, and yet we have to submit to it in New York. Every house is a young pandemonium just now. Carmen are swearing and breaking things; the station houses are filled with lost children, and porter houses with lost men; it's a perfect carnival of deviltry for the women, who *will* insist on moving because it is the custom to do so. In the memorable words of Jefferson Davis, "No man e'er saw the cart horse draw, with good opinion o' the law" as regards May day moving. Why, the New York custom is even reaching into Virginia, where the first families are moving merely because our grand army is moving, and that's what 's the matter down there. Last week the very thoughts of May day and its attendant miseries interfered sadly with our many places of amusement. Everybody who visited our theatres must have noticed a falling off in the attendance, but very few attributed it to the proper cause, and that cause was, the preparations being made for moving. We could scarcely find time to remain at any of the theatres for more than five or ten minutes each evening. Why? Because we were engaged in observing the custom of the city, and moving our office from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, where our friends will be happy to see us hereafter. But, as Daniel Tucker is reported to have said once, in response to the untimely news that he was a little behind time for his evening repast, "Joy cometh with the morning." As the scrush clears away, we see bright and prosperous times ahead, just as the noble veterans of the army of the Potomac see day breaking through the clouds that have so long enveloped them. With the end of the week New York, like Richard the Third and Bardy Smith, will be herself again, when there shall be no more moving until another May day shall remind us, in the words of the police, that it is time again to "move on."..... That little *emeute* at Wallack's, whereby the Veteran loses the services of Mrs. Hoey, has created a good deal of talk among the profession, and divers opinions and prognostications have been offered, *pro* and *con*, upon the subject. It's a pity that there should be a break among the Wallackian happy family, whom we all supposed to be living on such loving and friendly terms. We remember once a very happy reply made by "our Jim," when we caught him punching an old apple woman, and remarked to him that even "birds in their little nests agree." "You know the reason they agree?" said James, with a look peculiar to him when he means to say something smart. "No other reason except their love for each other," we responded. "That's not it," says Jimmy; "*I'll* tell you why birds in their little nests agree—because it would hurt 'em to fall out." And that is probably one reason why the Wallack folks have got along, apparently, so well together for such a long time. While they held together, the concern made money; the manager, however, being old enough to know that troubles will eventually arise among the best regulated families, has been quietly strengthening his forces, recruiting a big reserve, and making vigorous preparation for a big defence should a rebellion ever break out among the rank and file of his well-managed corporeal army. The shock has come—a revolt has taken place, and one of his big guns, "on which he set great store," has flew the track, left the nest, and made her last appearance. Mr. Wallack has had a run of prosperity for several years. The withdrawal of his leading lady might have had the effect of turning the tide, provided another lady had not been held in reserve for just such an emergency. Mrs. Hoey can get along as well without Mr. Wallack's help as he can without her assistance. She is able to play the lady in real life as well as upon the mimic stage; she has an abundance of 5-20's, can ride in her own coach, and moves in the best society. It may not be contraband to express the opinion that she was getting played out in her line of business just as Lester Wallack is in his; she was scarcely young enough for juveniles and such as that, and not old enough for the other extreme; the same may hold good of Lester Wallack. And yet for a long time the fortunes of the house have rested upon those two. A change will not be a loss to the *habitues*. Mrs. H. was always the same stately, dignified, well-dressed woman upon the stage. If you saw her in one part, you saw her in another just about the same, with merely a difference in the text. Precisely so is it with the leading man, Lester Wallack. He has been before us so long that we know him like a book. He is always the same—we are never permitted to lose sight of Lester Wallack—the character assumed is sacrificed to Lester Wallack. We know what is coming when Lester Wallack is upon the stage, because he takes pains to slyly wink or smile at the audience when a point is about being made, as much as to say "now you'll see *me* upset their arrangements." And yet we sympathise with his afflictions, or laugh at his jokes, just as we laugh at the worn-out jokes of a clown who has amused us with the same old yarns ever since he became a clown. We are tired of ancient leading people. Give us a change, and permit the young folks to look up a little. What chance for rising have those at the bottom of the ladder if the upper rounds are for years occupied by the same old hands. Let some of the latter, who have reached the top, leap out into the starry firmament, and thereby make room for the aspiring ones who are at the bottom of the ladder, looking up, but who see no chance for getting higher until the upper works are cleared away. Give the little people a chance.

THE JONESES made quite a stir last week. It seems that a Mr. Jones announced an entertainment for his benefit at the Academy of Music, for Saturday evening, April 30th, intimating in a very lawyer-like manner that Messrs. W. Wheatley, A. W. Fenno, Edwin Booth, and his daughter—Miss Avonia Jones—might assist in the performance of "Hamlet." The two former kept quiet, while the two latter disclaimed having authorised the use of their names, etc., and Mr. Jones was left to cast his Hamlet in the best way he could. As it may be of benefit to generations yet unborn, we give that portion of Mr. Jones's statement which bears more directly upon the "difficulty" about Mr. Booth, and his (Mr. J.'s) daughter. Says he:—

"On Monday last I had an especial interview with Mr. Edwin Booth upon this subject, and I read to him the paragraph; and he instantly, as a gentleman, disclaimed having authorised such a statement. Of course it cannot be believed that my daughter, Avonia, would be so criminally unkind as to authorize an attempted public dishonor, and a shameless outrage upon her own father! The admirers of such fiend hearts, or the editors that would wickedly consent thereto, and publish the atrocious falsehood, would receive the reprobation and abhorrence of every parent, and would authorize the father to any legal punishment, or otherwise, that his natural and outraged feelings would originate in just resentment. Signed,

THE COUNT JOANNES."

This was in reply to a paragraph which appeared in the *Tribune*, stating that the parties mentioned would not appear at the proposed benefit. Brother Greeley, squirmed a little, and let the Count have full swing. Next day, however, the editor was fortified by the following cards:

FROM MISS JONES.

NO. 2 BOND STREET, April 29, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: It *was* at my request and upon my authority that you inserted the article in the *Tribune* relative to my not appearing at the Academy of Music on the occasion of the benefit to the Count Joannes. I never gave my consent either directly or indirectly to appear at such performance.

Sincerely yours, AVONIA JONES.

FROM MR. BOOTH.

DEAR SIR: The introduction of my name into an advertisement of the "Count Joannes," in connection with a benefit at the Academy of Music, was wholly without my authority. I have no intention of playing there.

Very truly yours, EDWIN BOOTH.

A CARD.

It is with great regret that I am compelled to thus bring myself before the public, but justice to myself, and more to a dear mother, forces me to reply to the letter from the Count Joannes, in your issue of to-day. It is with pain I do so, for, had he left us in peace, *we*, at least, would never have made domestic affairs the subject of public comment. Since I was three years of age I had never seen the Count Joannes until on my return from Europe last October, and have only had four conversations with him since. All the love, gratitude and devotion of my sister and myself are due to our mother (Mrs. Melinda Jones, so long and well known in the profession,) who cared for us in our otherwise unprotected childhood, and to her hard work and unselfish love I owe whatever position I now hold; therefore whatever act of "filial piety" is due to a parent, I owe only to her, whose tender solicitude and maternal sacrifices I can never sufficiently repay. I confidently appeal to your well-known justice and that of every generous American, to protect me from having my name and that of my family paraded before the public in this unjustifiable manner. Trusting this plain statement may end all further discussion, I remain with respect, Sincerely yours, AVONIA JONES.

Thus things stood on the day of the benefit, and that evening witnessed a "small but appreciative audience" in attendance at the Academy to enjoy "Hamlet;" but the entertainment might have suited at the Olympic much better than at the Academy, for it partook largely of the burlesque, and Hamlet, Ghost, Laertes, Ophelia, and all were guyed and laughed at in anything but a tragical manner. Shakespeare would scarcely have recognised his old friends, so strangely did the "strength of the company" perform their respective parts. The audience—or at least that part who went to see tragedy—did not enjoy themselves very well, and many of them left the presence of the stagers. The lovers of burlesque rather liked the show, and remained to see it out. Some years ago, a gay young man "to fortune and to fame unknown," improved on Shakespeare by condensing "Hamlet" into three acts. Mr. Jones improved on the "young man" by playing "Hamlet" in one act, the curtain remaining up from the opening to the close of the tragedy, the ochestra being thus dispensed with. We don't believe the entertainment will be repeated, for we don't think a repetition would pay.

MISS KATE VANCE, a western actress, who has met with success in the equestrian dramatic line of business, will make her *debut* in this city, at the New Bowery, this evening, May 2d, and from appearances the lady will meet with liberal partronage during her stay with us. Every new female Mazeppa is sure of a large audiance on the opening night, for the public wish to form their estimates of the appearance and abilities of each, and this they will do, no matter if a new aspirant for Mazepperial honors should come forward every week. Miss Vance is spoken of as being a fearless rider, a very clever actress, and a well-formed young lady, all of which tend to secure her success. She will make the circuit of the boxes while tied upon her "fiery steed," Don Juan, which is one of the most thrilling features in the play.

"NO CARDS, no cakes, no pies," was the cold and cheerless accompaniments of the announcement of the marriage of C. T. Parsloe, Jr, of the Olympic, to Miss Harriet A. Elliott of Baltimore, on the 24th ult. To avenge this slight upon the profession, we will make a verse of poetry about the relentless and unforgiving hero of the matrimonial alliance:

A man who has no "cards" to give,
Nor "cake," nor "pies," when married—
To rue the day will surely live,
And wish that he had tarried.

JANE COOMBS, who occupies Mrs. Hoey's place at Wallack's, made her *debut* at that house on Wednesday evening, April 27th, as Lady Teazle, in the "School for Scandal," which was cast as follows:

Charles Surface	Mr. Lester Wallack
Joseph Surface	Mr. Charles Fisher
Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. John Gilbert
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. Mark Smith
Crabtree	Mr. John Sefton
Moses	Mr. J. Holland
Sir B. Backbite	Mr. W. R. Floyd
Trip	Mr. Young
Lady Teazle	Miss Jane Coombs
Mrs. Candour	Miss Fanny Morant
Maria	Mrs. Jennings
Lady Sneerwell	Mrs. John Sefton

The theatre was "packed"—you may use the word, dear reader, in any sense you please, and the welcome awarded the lady was of the most flattering description. She has since appeared in other plays, and met with undiminished applause..... Mrs. Hoey's absence is not felt just now. In regard to her difficulty with the management, it was but natural that she should rebel when she saw another lady cast for a part which she (Mrs. H.) had always performed; but it was useless to protest—the cast was up, and like the laws of the Medes, and Persians, and New Yorkers, was unalterable. The Wallack dynasty was master of the situation; and the lady, thus coldly snubbed, after all she had done towards giving the Wallacks their present position, was permitted to resign rather than accord to her those rights which were her due. To us the whole thing looks like a "put up job" to git rid of the lady. Mind, we do not say that her place cannot easily be filled; what we object to is the *manner* of cutting the actress. The true gentleman would have first consulted the lady in regard to a change of cast, instead of insulting her by omitting her name, and substituting that of another, who is not, in reality, her equal in the part. A few years ago, when the management was not so flush as at present, this thing would not have been attempted. If we do not greatly err, Mary Gannon will next be supplanted.

THE KEANS will probably arrive here some time during the summer. By a private letter received in this city, we learn that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were to have sailed from Melbourne, Australia, about the first of March, for San Francisco, and from thence to New York, hoping to reach here the latter part of June. They will be accompanied by their Australian manager, Mr. Coppin..... We also learn that G. V. Brooke will shortly revisit the scenes of his former triumphs, probably arriving here in advance of the Keans. Wake up Shakespeare, day is breaking, and so are some of the gold speculators.

NOW BE IT understood that Shakespeare is to be revived at that grand old Shakespearian temple of olden times, the Old Bowery Theatre. Manager Fox has knocked "Cudjo" in the head, shelved Columbine and Harlequin, and in their stead gives us that fearful creation of the great poet, "Macbeth," with all its attendant horrors, characteristic music, etc. The first performance will be given this evening with the following cast:

Macbeth	Mr. J. B. Studley
Macduff	Mr. G. W. Thompson
First Witch	Mr. G. L. Fox
Second Witch	C. K. Fox
Hecate	Mr. Harry Chapman
Banquo	Mr. C. Nichols
Malcolm	Mr. C. Foster
Rosse	Mr. C. Foster
Lady Macbeth	Miss R. Denvil
First singing Witch	Miss Fanny Herring
Second Singing Witch	Mrs. H. Chapman

"Rally round the flag, boys," and encourage the east side manager in his efforts to inculcate a feeling of love for the works of a poet who would have attained the good and ripe old age of three hundred years had he lived until the 23d of April last.

DIED, on the 24th ult., Mr. Jerry Worland, a member of the circus profession. Mr. Worland sailed from this port about two years ago, with Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus, for South America. While in Pernambuco, he unfortunately broke an artery of the leg in one of his leaping acts, and was never able to perform again. He remained with the company, however, until they arrived in St. Thomas, from which place he was at once sent to this city, the dangerous nature of the injury sustained then beginning to develope itself. While here an operation was performed on the injured parts by Dr. Wood, and, for a time, it was thought with complete success; but the length of time which elapsed since the accident occurred until the operation was performed, combined with dropsy, which subsequently manifested itself, baffled the skill of the best of physicians, and he died, as stated, in the 32d year of his age. His funeral, which was attended by a number of members of the profession, took place from the Worden House, on the morning of the 26th ult., the remains being interred in Greenwood Cemetery. The deceased was a native of Cincinnati, but at an early age was sent to college at Memphis, Tenn. Having a taste for the circus, he ran away from school, joined Hiram Franklin's show, and has been in the business ever since. He was of a kind disposition, and by his manners made a host of friends wherever he appeared. He leaves a wife and one child to lament his early decease.

OUR SENTIMENTS in regard to Gen. McClellan may be learned every evening this week at Wood's Minstrels, where "Voting for the Sword" goes on as regularly as clockwork, and with unwavering manifestations in favor of "Little Mac." The several prominent generals are spoken of, some of the names being received with earnest marks of approbation, others in comparative silence; but when the name of McClellan is spoken, the applause is deafening. The enthusiasm continues for some time, and is of that spontaneous character which is sure to show itself on the "open ballot" system. If you are not prejudiced against one who has twice protected Washington, and who *may* be called upon to save it again, drop in at Wood's some evening and see how the voting goes.

TESTIMONIAL PRESENTATION.—On Thursday evening, 28th ult., Mr. Frank Brower, of Wood's Minstrels, and the world-renowned delineator of "Happy Uncle Tom," was the recipient of a valuable and elegant testimonial from a few friends in New York, as an evidence of the high esteem and respect in which he is held. The testimonial consisted of a magnificent gold watch and appendages, of exquisite design and workmanship, and the presentation took place at the "De Soto" in Bleecker street, in the presence of a few of the subscribers. Mr. Brower had been kept in entire ignorance of the compliment intended to be paid him. When Mr. John Cooke, the musical conductor at the Winter Garden, on behalf of the donors, after a brief but appropriate address, in which he assured the recipient that the handsome present which he had the pleasure to hand him was but a slight express on and acknowledgment of the kindly feelings of regard entertained towards him by his many friends in this city, hoped that he would long live to wear and enjoy it, he was entirely taken aback with surprise at the unsuspected honor done him. Quickly recovering himself, in his usual humorous manner, but in feeling language, he acknowledged the gratification and pleasure he experienced in thus receiving such a substantial evidence of the warm esteem and regard which his New York friends entertained for him, and hoped that he would always live so as to deserve the high opinion they had just practically manifested for him, and to maintain those pleasant relations of friendship which existed between them. The occasion was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and all present seemed to enter warmly into the spirit which orginated the affair; the evening being spent in unalloyed enjoyment. The watch bears on the inner lid the following inscription, elegantly engraved:—"To Frank Brower, frends his from in New York, April 28th, 1864." It is a source of regret to numbers of the popular minstrel artist's friends, that the quiet manner in which the affair was managed prevented them from having an opportunity of contributing and thus evincing their appreciation of his high character as an artist and a man.

GEO. C. DOBSON & BROTHER, the well known banjo players, have taken up their quarters at No. 691 Broadway, where they are prepared to give instruction in the manipulation of the old cremona. They also have Dobson's famous banjos on hand for sale. See advertisement.

IF YOU ARE BANJOICALLY INCLINED, or wish to "come the double shuffle" in an artistic style, just become a pupil of John Bogan, the banjo man, who advertises in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

A YOUTH, having a penchant for the stage, wishes to learn either the minstrel or equestrian professions. See advertisement.

MRS. METHUA-SCHELLER finished her most brilliant engagement at the Stadt Theatre last Saturday, when she took her benefit as Louise Miller, in Schiller's great domestic tragedy "Love and Intrigue," to a house crowded from top to bottom. Bouquets and wreaths were showered upon her, and throughout the whole performance she was enthusiastically applauded. Her impersonation of Louise Miller was one of those rare bits of acting which we see so very seldom, distinguished by the highest finish of art, intensity of feeling, grace and delicacy. The letter scene was a masterly piece of acting, and elicited the applause of the audience. Mr. Hoym, as Ferdinand, was in his true element. He rendered the part with spirit and great impetuosity. Mr. Scherer, as Wurm, and Mme. Grahn as Lady Milford, Mr. Waylowsky, as Miller, Mad. Hisbur, as Mrs. Miller, and Mr. Knorr, as President, were excellent in their respective parts. Mad. Scheller will commence another engagement soon. On Wednesday she appears again in her famous part of Ophelia.

T. E. MILLS, formerly acting and stage manager of the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., will assume the position of Stage Director for George Wood, of the Broadway Theatre in this city. The dramatic season is expected to open on the 16th inst.

W. T. W. BALL, Captain and Commissary of Subsistence of Volunteers, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, claims the authorship of the poem read by Mr. Wm. Wheatley, on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the Shakespeare Monument, in Central Park, on the 23d ult., to which Mr. Wheatley responds as follows:—

"I noticed in your paper of yesterday a communication from the author, which would lead the public to infer that I had laid claim to the lines in question. I beg leave to correct such an impression. The publicity given to them on the occasion referred to, in Boston, would certainly prevent such an act of absurdity on my part. Very respectfully,

April 29th, 1864. W. WHEATLEY."

GEORGE CHRISTY became so Mortimerised, at 444 Broadway, one evening last week, that the proprietor applied the Wood remedy, and George don't play at 444 any more.

JACK CADE was a pushing, go-head sort of a man, and got up a pretty lively skirmish when he started the Kentish rebellion. Mr. Forrest has made Jack very popular in this country by his masterly delineation of the most striking points in the man's career, but as everything must have a dark shade to bring out its full beauty, so must Cade. To this end, D. Bryant, Esq., will, this week, represent the dark side of Jack's life, showing up his black deeds, and otherwise portraying the contraband proclivities of this son of toil and rebellion. Mr. David Reed, Esq., will support the worthy Daniel in the lion's den, and assume the arduous duties involved in the soul-subduing *role* of Lucimicus. The Bryants will improve upon Robert Conrad's ideas of the tragedy, and, in order "that the continuity of thought may not be injured by a foreign and distinct branch of art," [meaning the colored Dutch orchestra] the whole thing will be given in one act. Those who saw "Hamlet" at the Academy, had better not miss this opportunity to see Jack Cade at Mechanics' Hall. In addition to the tragedy, a new burlesque will be produced, called "The Loyal Nigger, and his Seven Gifted Scamps," cast to the full strength of all the scamps in the company.

SPALDING & ROGERS' Ocean Circus took possession of the Hippotheatron last week. Among those in the Ocean company announced to take part in the programme this week are Miss Kate Ormond, a very pleasing equestrian artist, who will appear in her special act of single equitation; Mrs. J. Worland, on the oscillating wire; Little Annie, whom we have not yet seen perform, but who is pronounced by those who have seen her on the rope, and in her miniature pony riding, to be a little wonder; Madame Caroline, and her performing horse General Scott; Senor Antonio Marquez, Senor A. Carlos de Carmo, the Rollande Brothers, Tourniaire Brothers, little Fish, W. Duverna, etc. To make the iron structure more comfortable than it has heretofore been, a new roof has been put on, and other improvements are being made.

AVONIA JONES brings her Winter Garden engagement to a *finale* this evening, May 2d..... Edwin Booth begins on the 3rd, and he is to be succeeded by the Florences, on the 16th.

TOP SPINNING on a single thread is quite a different thing to the way we used to spin tops, but there must be improvements in all things, and this top spinning on a thread is one of the latest and most marvellous. Professor Simmons, the last sensation in the magic circle, will show us this beautiful little experiment, and a number of others equally astounding, at the Broadway theatre, commencing this evening, May 2d. The blood red writing on the arm will be shown, and other spiritual impositions clearly defined. Simmons will exhibit at the Broadway every evening throughout the week. See Simmons.

"THE CONNIE SOODAR" drew largely last week, at Niblo's Garden, and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams renewed their assurances of consideration for their many patrons. They are certainly great cards, attracting as large audiences as any star in the profession. Their engagement terminates this week..... John Brougham's "Bel Demonio" is the next Niblo sensation, in which Vestvali will assume the principal *role*. It is thought this spectacular drama will take the town by storm.

GEORGE WOOD is fixing up Wallack's old theatre in capital style. All the old decorations that have been there since Brougham opened the theatre have been removed, all the seats newly upholstered, a new and beautiful dome arranged, a new drop curtain painted, and many other improvements made. While Simmons is performing there, a full sett of new scenery will be completed, thus enabling the new manager to open with everything in order. Mr. Wood is the well known Western manager (husband of Eliza Logan), possessing a good share of wealth, a portion of which he is expending to make the Broadway Theatre equal to any in the city.

ROBERT HELLER continues his entertainments of music and mystery at 585 Broadway. His sleight of hand tricks are only equalled by his sleight of hand in touching the keys of the piano.

THE NEW MINSTREL HALL being prepared in the Bowery for M. C. Campbell's company, will be completed, it is thought, about the 1st of June. It is going to be a very snug and comfortable hall, and great attention will be given to a proper ventilation of the establishment.

A POEM, "prepared for this occasion," and which was not writ by W. J. W. Ball. Loyalina, Loyalina, tell us friends have you all seen her? Seen her in her pretty paces—seen the chap who in the race is he who, marrying, notifies the public they shall have no pies, no cards, nor cakes nor anything, as the custom is in marrying. If you have failed "the Wool" to see, take our advice and visit she. In crinoline she looms up big, but see her once in soldier's rig: her acting, too, how efficacious, we never saw her like, by gracious. In fact, she's certainly bound to shine in't, for she's so lovely, so divine in't. Of the man who wrote the play, they say, he's a hunky boy, and all O. K. End of the poem..... We hear that a new burlesque is undergoing a course of training for early production at the beautiful Olympic, and when it is brought before us we will write a poem about it.

"THE MAGIC FLUTE," did you ever hear it? No? Nor see it? No, *virree*. Well, you are the loser by it, and therefore, as a well-balanced man of mind once remarked, "stand not upon the order [because they don't deal in orders at '444,'] of your going, but go at once," for that clever little pantomime is on the bills at the American this week, with Lizzie Schultze, Millie Flora, and a whole bevy of beauties in the cast. Charley White's original Negro farce of "The Wreck" is also announced, with the author as an old washerwoman..... Miss Fanny Forrest, a favorite vocalist, is underlined for an early appearance.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS are tied up at Cooper Institute. One of the best jokes of the season was the selection of Brother Conklin, a rabid spiritualist, to pass judgement upon their spiritual performances. He "was certainly much surprised." A fellow feeling makes us kind.

THE NEW BURLESQUE soon to be produced at Mrs. Wood's Olympic, will be called "Miscegenation Ball," or something of that sort, in the style of the "Siege of Troy," from Homer. We understand that it is full of good puns, sly pokes at politicians, warriors, statesmen, etc., and will "inculcate a heavenly moral." It will not be a one-sided affair, but, like our old friend, the two-edged sword, will cut both ways. Tableaux will be shown—one side exhibiting the pomp and grandeur of the times; the other side, squalid misery and pauperism. It will, in all probability, make a big hit.

MR. GREENWOOD, for a long time the Managing Agent for Barnum's Museum, sailed for Europe on the 30th ult., where he will take up his residence for a while.

LADY VOCALISTS AND DANSEUSES are advertised for in this issue by James Conner & Co., of No. 25 West Houston street, N. Y. City.

TOM BIGGS, the Ethiopian comedian, is still in the market for an engagement. See advertisement.

THAT ITALIAN SALAMANDER, who can stand fire equal to a Herring safe, Signor Christoporo Buono Cori by name, late of the Cremorne Gardens, London, Eng., may be engaged through his agents Messrs. Conner & Co., of No. 25 West Houston street.

THE THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL WIG DEPOT of Paul de Spotte's, No. 15 West Houston street, is just the spot to go to, to get all kinds of hirsute appendages, from a wig to a beard. See advertisement in this issue.

MR. LAWRENCE B. BARRETT arrived in this city, on the 30th ult. He has been one of the members of the Barker, Barratt, and Setchel firm during the past winter in the management of the Varieties, New Orleans. He opens at Pike's, Cincinnati, on the 23d, in "Rosedale."

OCEANA, also known as "The Star of the West," the daring equestrienne and pantomimic actress; together with H. B. Gates' highly trained mare Black Bess, may be engaged through Messrs. Conner & Co. of this city. The lady's *repertoire* is a full one, and we doubt not she would prove to be a card for either of our east side theatres.

THE ART DIABOLARIE is soon to have additional representatives in the persons of Louisa and Henry Vito, who, although unknown to the New York public, are said to be very clever, and their tricks are for the most part quite novel. We have seen them execute several in private, one of which took us down "about a feet." We have a watch, not a repeater, which, as we held it in our *own* hands, one of the Vito's caused to strike as many times as we requested, much to our astonishment. See their preliminary advertisement in another column.

FRANK DREW closes his engagement at the Olympic this week. MAX MARETZEK would have it appear that his choristers, who have asked a slight advance upon their former salaries, prevent him from going on with his new season, which was to have commenced on the 2nd inst. All the choristers ask, we believe, is 20 per cent on their former scale of prices—little enough, in all conscience, as things go; but we have an idea that the loss of his basso, Hermanns, has something to do with his failure to go on. Give the devil his due, and give the chorus singers theirs. The orchestra have not struck, as some of the papers have stated.

Dramatic.

CHARLIE WILKINSON, who has been doing Salem Scudder in the "Octoroon," at the Pittsburgh Theatre, has succeeded in getting into the good graces of the people of that burg.

AT THE Mozart Theatre, matters were going on as usual, the management seeming determined to hold on to Mr. and Mrs. C. Henri. Our correspondent, "Veteran," says: "St. Maur is becoming a favorite: he is certainly a gentleman, and was formerly an officer in the British service."

THE OLYMPIC, in Memphis, Tenn., has closed.

THE YOUTHFUL and accomplished tragedienne, Miss Fanny B. Price, commenced the fourth and last week of her engagement at Evansville, Ind., May 2d, in the character of Evadne.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN TERCENTENARY.—At Chickering's Hall, Boston, Mr. Siddons and Miss Cameron, before their departure for England, celebrated the 300th Shakespearian anniversary by a *matinee* and a *soiree* of readings from the Poet, preceded by a prologue written for the occasion. This lady and gentleman have been fortunate with their literary entertainments during the past winter, having been engaged by nearly all the Mercantile Library and other literary associations and lyceums in New England. On one occasion lately, at Boston, they gave up an evening for the benefit of the sufferers in East Tennessee, and handed over $175 to the Hon. Edward Everett. Miss Cameron is engaged to make her *debut* at the Princess Theatre, in London, while Mr. Siddons brings out the experiences of his four years' residence and travels in this country in a work to which he gives the odd title of "Among the Yankees."

IN THE CITY OF SMOKE, which is Pittsburgh, amusements of all kinds have been well patronized during the past two weeks. There was no star at the theatre last week, the manager being under the impression that his stock company are sufficient attraction to fill the house every night. Our correspondent, "Tactics," says:—"Saturday evening, the 23d ult., was set apart for the *debut* of Captain T. B. Rockhill, as William Tell; according to the bills it was the captain's "first appearance on any stage," and the prevailing opinion at the close was, that it ought to be his last. A more miserable attempt was never witnessed; the audience looked upon it as a capital farce. "The Octoroon" was reproduced last Monday evening, and would doubtless run a week. The piece is performed very well."

THE "SEVEN SISTERS" closed the second and last week of the engagement of McDonough at the Norfolk Opera House, and this *specialite* of Mac's has not proven so at ractive as the first week of its presentation, although remunerative houses nightly evinced the most unequivocal marks of approbation..... Shakespeare's birthday was properly noticed by a performance consisting of the "Seven Sisters," the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice," with McDonough as Shylock, and Miss Hill as Portia, concluding with a representation of Shakespeare by J. W. Glenn..... Mary Mitchell commenced an engagement on the 2d.

AMUSEMENTS IN THE CRESCENT CITY are thus spoken of by a correspondent, "Picayune," in a communication dated New Orleans, April 20th:—"Another week has opened upon us with lovely weather, and the various places of amusement have profited thereby. The crowds that fill St. Charles street in the evening would, to the uninitiated, seem strange; follow up the living mass and we soon find ourselves at the entrance to the Academy of Music; a few yards further, and we have the St. Charles theatre. On the opposite side, adjoining the St. Charles Hotel, is Gravier street, where the pretty little theatre, the 'Varieties,' is situated; this makes up the places most frequented. We stop and follow our friends into the Academy—as this is undoubtedly 'the place' to put in a night for real pleasure,—and with the splendid bill offered this week, it is not to be wondered at why the people 'press in.' On Monday evening Signora Teresa Contoli made her *debut* before a New Orleans audience. She was well received, but we like the singing of 'our Julia' much better; yet this lady will, no doubt, establish herself with the patrons of the house: she dresses with taste, and as she is new, allowance must be made. Miss Julia Mortimer, the favorite bird of song, nightly comes in for three or four encores, and bouquets are plentiful at the close of her songs. She also sings with Miss Dora Dawron, the tenor singer—their duetts are received with 'stunning' applause. It is worth the time spent to listen to these ladies warbling together, if not the price of entering the show. The Misses Fowler are as popular as ever; they nightly receive the encomiums of a delighted audience at the close of the mazy dance. They, together with Mlle. Katrina, who is as light and graceful as a sylph, appear nightly, assisted by the favorite maitre Mons. Tophoff and a powerful *corps de ballet*, in several acts *en dansante*, to the gratification of the patrons. Some of the ladies are well 'underpinned,' and of course have many admirers, who nightly resort to the *Great Show*. The dancing of the Misses Parker, Florence and Ida Devere, is very clever, and meets with approval. The double dance of M'lles. Zanfretta and Devere was well received, and the ladies retired after receiving several handsome bouquets. We now leave the ladies of Lea's mammoth troupe in their glory, and make a few remarks about the male portion of the show. Martini Chiriski, the celebrated wire walker, and ventriloquist has become a great favorite; his performance on the wire, balancing plates, etc., with his amusing scenes in the ventriloquistic art, elicited shouts of laughter and applause. Then comes the 'Active Boy,' together with the 'Happy Old Man,' who has 'the cure' for the blues, and one dose never proves sufficient. Charley works hard and is a deserving artist, and has hosts of friends here; his dancing is clever, and he has proved for the management a 'sure card.' The clog dancing of Harry Kelly is good, and elicits hearty applause nightly; this young man is working himself up the ladder of fame. The comicalities of the 'Burnt Corkologians,' who fill up a portion of the bills for the guests' approbation and pleasure, nightly receive their full share of approval. The song and dance of Billy Emerson is received with hearty laughter; the banjo solos of Andy Leavitt—the several acts in which the strength of the 'American citizen of African descent' are brought into play, are nightly received with laughter and applause. Mike McKenna shows his hand and throws a leg nightly. Go way, 'cullud' man. Verrecke the fearless, Verrecke the strong, Verrecke the great gymnastic performer, is still in his popularity; his performance is 'immense,' and every one who beholds this intrepid artist, must come again; the same faces can be seen night after night in the auditorium, and the shouts of applause that go up after he winds up his leaps, show that he has 'tickled the people in the right place;' he is a 'stunner.' The performance closed with a new pantomime, in which the Zanfretta troupe appeared with the balance of the company, winding up three hours of an evening spent in enjoyment and pleasure..... After stepping into the 'Phœnix,' and partaking of something for the inner man, we looked in at the St. Charles theatre. Miss Matilda Heron had a clever house; they have done very well this week, the lady appearing in several of her prominent plays—she is well supported, and will no doubt continue for some time yet..... The Varieties closes its doors for this season on the 21st, it being set apart for the benefit of manager Lewis Baker, who will have a 'bumper' at parting. The house has been filled this week—it being taken up for benefits. The treasurer had a house which clearly showed that his friends did not forget his attentions the past season. We wind up the theatres, and give you an idea of the manner in which the folks here appreciate amusements..... On last Sunday, Mlle. Carolista, the female Blondin, made an ascension from the park opposite Carrolton depot. There were over 12,000 persons present, and the affair came off without any unpleasant occurrence. A high wind prevailed at 3 o'clock, the hour announced for her first attempt, and it appeared dangerous for her to proceed, the mass of the people being anxious for the ladies' safety. After 'guying' up the rope, she gaily tripped over this frail footing, and soon reached the top of the hotel. At 6 o'clock, she ascended to the top as before, then returned to the starting point and descended the ladder amidst the cheers and applause of the excited throng. The M'lle. evinced no fear whatever, and with the high wind against her, her performance was a complete success. She is to make several more ascensions. The managers of the hotel acted rather close in not procuring a band, one of the most essential matters needed for this style of performance."

FROM CALIFORNIA, we have the following batch of items from our correspondent "Eureka," under date of

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1st, 1864,

FRIEND FRANK,—The event that is at present the absorbing topic of conversation among the profession and its patrons, is the intended departure of our pet, Miss Lotta. This charming little actress will sail for New York on the 23d, in company with her father and mother, from whom I have gathered the following particulars. They find that their daughter, after six years continual toil in her arduous profession, requires recreation and change of scene; they have therefore determined to visit the Atlantic States and Europe on a pleasure tour of one year, when she will have an opportunity of improvement in her profession by witnessing the performances of the great comic stars of both hemispheres, for of the many who have visited this country, none have been able to eclipse her, and I think from what I remember of Maggie Mitchell and Mrs. Florence, that if Lotta could be induced to put in an appearance or two in New York, she would give them a close race for the laurels. Miss Lotta had completed her arrangements to sail by the last steamer, but a day or two before, W. H. Smith, engaged as manager of the New Idea, turned traitor and made an attempt to close the house by compelling some of the perform

they all should follow his noble example.....The season was brought to a close at this house last night, 21st ult., with a farewell benefit to Lewis Baker, when he appeared in his fine impersonation of 'Jesse Rural,' in Boucicault's comedy of 'Old Heads and Young Hearts,' to a brilliant audience. Dan Setchell as "Toodles" in the afterpiece was killing . . . A new Irish drama entitled "Nora McShane; or, The Escape of Edward Fitzgerald," was produced for the first time on any stage at the St. Charles, on the 17th April, meeting with great success. Miss Heron is said to be the authoress of it. "Medea" and "Aurora Floyd" have also been produced to good houses. Miss Heron closes her engagement here on the 24th. The Martinetti and Marzetti Troupes, comprising 54 performers, are the next attraction at this house. G. D. Chaplin, leading man, is "down" for a benefit on the 25th .....Signora Teresa Contoli, the Italian opera singer, made her *debut* at the Academy on the 18th.

AT THE CONTINENTAL, Philadelphia, O. B. Collins will make his first appearance on the 2nd, in the drama of "Rookwood." Ed. Wray and Mary Florence are underlined for an appearance at the same place.

DIED, on the 21st ult., at the residence of her parents, in Buffalo, N. Y., of rheumatism of the heart, Miss Abbie Stanley Hosmer. Her illness and death will preclude her sister, Miss Jean Hosmer, from fulfilling the remainder of her engagements this season.

A SILVER BRICK was presented to Adah Isaacs Menken, just previous to her departure from Virginia City, by a number of the lady's admirers. A complimentary benefit was tendered her, but she declined the honor on account of business engagements elsewhere; they got their kind appreciation and kind regards melted down, however, at the assay office, and moulded into a compact and solid shape, that will render their transportation to any country easy and convenient, and so conditioned, withal, that they may be warranted to keep in any climate. Their compliments, thus concentrated, weigh nearly two hundred ounces, and bear a market value of $403 31, at any mint on the continent. Following the usual figures expressing the number, weight, fineness and value of the bar in silver and gold, the brick has this inscription stamped upon its surface: "Miss Adah Isaacs Menken —from friends at Virginia, Nevada Territory, March 30, 1864." It was received at Col. Ross', hot from the assay office, and presented to Miss Menken, in the presence of a number of her friends, by Col. Sawyer, in a few kind and well chosen remarks, and she received it with the warmest expressions of her grateful appreciation of the honor conferred upon her, and the generous impulse that had dictated it. We imagine that Miss Menken must have given entertainments that were agreeable to most persons during her extended sojourn there, for she played to larger houses and more of them than any other actress had previously done in Virginia, and we are glad she was shown the pleasant attention of a silver brick upon the eve of her departure. It is Virginia's peculiar mark of favor—one that she invented herself, instituted herself, and makes use of herself, to the exclusion of all other communities and nations under the sun. She confers it only occasionally, and under unusual circumstances.

"The Menken" had also received the compliment of a letter from a fire company in Virginia City, informing her that she had been elected a member of their machine. The following is a copy of the correspondence:—

HALL OF YOUNG AMERICA, ENGINE COMPANY NO. 2,
VIRGINIA CITY, March 28th, 1864.

Adah Isaacs Menken,—Madame:—

You having been duly elected an honorary member of our company, we trust you will accept the belt, which you have worn on several occasions, as a token of our respect for you, and our admiration of your powers as an actress. We assure you we appreciate the great honor you have done our company in wearing our belt. JACOB YOUNG, Foreman.

Attest, THEODORE A. HALE, Secretary.

To JACOB YOUNG, Foreman; THEODORE A. HALE, Secretary; and all the members of Young America No. 2:—

Gentlemen,—Your note dated March 28th, was received by me last evening. I can assure you that I never felt prouder or happier in my life. To be made a member of such an Engine as No. 2, and to be liked and honored by her gallant, whole-souled "boys," is glory enough for any woman. You may depend that I will keep the "silver brick" as a happy testimonial from *my company.* And as for the pretty belt, I shall wear that wherever I go.

Believe me, dear 2, your grateful fireman,

A. I. MENKEN.

ETTIE HENDERSON has been the star this past week at the Academy of Music, Providence. Our correspondent "Citizen," says:—She has proved a successful star. She is a very natural and acceptable actress, doing herself much credit in all her characters. During the week she played "Kathleen Mavourneen" twice, and not only her character but every one in the piece were well sustained. Wednesday evening Miss Henderson gave us "Fanchon," and too much cannot be said in regard to her impersonation of this peculiar character—we were more than satisfied with the entire performance. Friday, her benefit, "The French Spy" and "Stratagem of an Actress," were given to a full house. We have never seen the "French Spy" better played. Saturday, "Jack Sheppard" was played to an excellent house, followed by "Momentous Question" by Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stetson—the leading lady and gentleman of Messrs. Myers and Murray's company.....Monday evening, May 2d, is reserved for a grand complimentary benefit to Mr. C. J. Boniface, who has for some time been an invalid, though in the employ of Mr. Myers. On this occasion George C. Boniface comes on to play "Cardinal Richelieu;" Charlie's daughter, Marie, also comes for Francois, Mr. E. T. Stetson having kindly consented to do De Mauprat, and his wife, Julie De Mortimer. The whole company, orchestra, and attaches of the Theatre volunteer. Everything is being done that can be to make the benefit a good one.....Monday evening will be the last appearance of our favorites for some eight nights, as they visit Newport for that length of time. However, our managers do not intend to neglect us, for as a substitute we are to have Mrs. Barrow's comedy company from the New Tremont Theatre, Boston, for two nights, commencing Tuesday, May 3d; "Follies of a Night," and "A Bull in a China Shop," being the pieces selected for the opening.....We understand that on the return of Myers and Murray's company from Newport, they bring the great Providence favorites, E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, who, with the assistance of the company, will give a grand week of Shakespearian pieces.....Prof. McAllister fills up the balance of time Mr. Myers is away, after Mrs. Barrow closes.

THE FRANKLIN dramatic company has had a split, one of the leading people having seceded and organised a company under the management of C. B. Reynolds, and R. E. Stevens. The former was Franklin's stage manager, and the latter the agent. The new organization opened at Boyce's Hall, Bloomington, Ill., on the 27th ult., and judging from the length of their programme, and the low price of admission—only 25 cents—the audience must have received their money's worth. The programme commenced with "The Honeymoon," followed by a comic song, a ballad, another comic song, a duett, another song, and the farce of "The Roll of the Drum," and all for 25 cents. Miss M. Marietta is the leading lady, and C. B. Reynolds leading man. On the 29th and 30th ult., the party was to show at Pekin and thence to Peoria.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY, under the management of C. Plunkett, has been playing through the small towns of Ohio with indifferent success, the people not seeming wide awake to the claims of the drama, though the manager has played Mrs. Emma Waller, doing "Guy Mannering," "Macbeth," "Naomi," "Lucretia Borgia," the "Hunchback," etc., with good support. The leading lady is Mrs. Henry Linden, and Harry Linden low comedian; C. J. Fyffe, leading man and stage manager. One or two of the clergymen of Tiffin, upon their advent into that town, took occasion to warn their hearers against extending any encouragement to the company, accusing them of every crime in the calendar. Those men are preachers of charity and good will. On the 28th the company was at Mansfield, Ohio, playing "Hamlet" with Mrs. Waller as Hamlet.

MANAGERS WISHING A LEADING MAN should refer to Charles J. Fyffe's advertisement in another column.

MR. LANAGAN closed his season in Detroit, Mich., on the 20th ult. He opens with his company at Grand Rapids on the 2d of May, and Buffalo on the 9th.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON closed her engagement at the St. Louis on the 29th ult., on the occasion of her benefit.

AN ACCIDENT occurred at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on the 30th ult, by which Mr. Baker, of New York, was severely injured. He is interested in the operatic performances about to be given there, and while superintending some of the preparations, he fell through an unfastened trap, a distance of 22 feet, breaking four of his ribs. He was taken to his lodgings, where Dr. Hooper set the fractured bones.

ROSEDALE is in its last week at Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. It has drawn excellent business to that house.... Frank Drew is announced to open there on the 9th inst.

THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY will not commence their series of Sanitary Fair entertainments in Philadelphia until the 4th inst. Fry's "Notre Dame of Paris" will be the opening opera. Three performances will be given each week for two weeks. Mad. Borchard, Mrs. Jenny Kempton, Mr. Wm. Castle, Mr. S. C. Campbell, Ed. Seguin, and W. Skaats are in the troupe, and L. F. Harrison is the manager.

MR. AND MRS. FLORENCE are doing a paying business at the Walnut, Philadelphia. They produce "Kathleen Mavourneen" this week. If the company don't give it with more effect than when they "assisted" Ettie Henderson, it had better be left undone.

J. K. MORTIMER opens at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 2d, in the "Bull in a China Shop."

JOHN S. CLARKE is in the seventh week of his engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. His engagement closed this week, and he will be followed by Edwin Forrest.

MISS LUCILLE WESTERN is drawing big houses at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore; "East Lynne" has been the only piece produced since her engagement commenced.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS give their entertainment called "Photographiana," at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 3d inst.

J. WILKES BOOTH'S engagement at the Boston Museum has thus far proved a brilliant one. He continues the star this week.

AT THE BOSTON THEATRE, Zoe, the brilliant and dashing Zoe, has drawn crowds to witness her pantomimic performances and dancing during the past two weeks.....The German Opera Troupe have possession of the Boston this week, and Mr. Marshall takes his company to Portland, Me., and Zoe accompanies him.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Miss Mary Provost was the attraction last week, playing Bob Brierly in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," with much success. She remains this week, opening in Lucie d'Arville in a new drama of the same name.

MRS. BARROW has engaged Paul Juignet's French Company, and are performing this week at the Tremont Theatre, Boston; the dramatic company appearing on the 5th and 7th.

JOSEPH PROCTOR opens at the Howard, Boston, on the 16th inst.

Negro Minstrelsy.

NEWCOMBE'S MINSTRELS had good houses at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 28th, 29th and 30th ult. They are to be at Buffalo this week.

RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS, after a two week's sojourn at Buffalo, are *en route* East. They were advertised for Rochester on the 2d and 3d inst. Dick Sands still remains with this troupe.

SAM SHARPLEY is advertising ahead very sharply. He appears at Rochester, N. Y., on the 17th and 18th inst., and was advertised there on the 30th ult.

THERE has been quite a little excitement in Chicago relative to the operations of a "gay young gambulier" of the burnt cork persuasion among some of the ladies in the Garden City, but our correspondent thinks they will have to get up early in the morning to get ahead of Billy A. "Wiley is it you, dear?"

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS are billed in Oswego, N. Y., for the 7th, 9th and 10th of May.....Newcombe's party gave two entertainments there last week.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON CLADS are more popular and quite as impregnable as *some* of old Secretary Welles's, if not more so; for it is well known that Sam's fleet, although engaged in a "railroad smash-up" almost every night, are always ready for action the next day. Sam's boys do that railroad smash-up business in the most eccentrically amusing manner, and never fail to bring down the house. Now, however, they will be able to smash things better than ever, as their experience has been enlarged by a veritable railroad smash-up, and they know now exactly the how of it, and can put it on the stage, with all the thrilling incidents, accidents, and narrow escapements. It appears that, on the 26th ult., there was a collision between two trains on the Northern Railroad, on one of which Sam's "clads" were aboard, and the baggage of the troupe, which was in the baggage-car, was all destroyed; although, fortunately, none of the passengers were injured. We congratulate the boys on their narrow escape. The papers say that the conductor of the down train was at fault for the collision, but it ain't millions to nothing that Samuel didn't put up that job to show his boys the real live thing, after having burlesqued it for seventeen months on the Ethiopian stage. Of course Sam knew "nobody would be hurt," or else he would not have had a hand in it. Sharpley's Minstrels are now more entitled to be called "Ironclads" than ever; or they would never have survived that last railroad smash-up.

AN AWFUL pious place is Steubenville, Ohio. Tell you what they did there lately. Duprez & Green's Minstrels were so unfortunate as to reach that delectable place on Sunday; and, for hauling their baggage from the *depot* to their hotel, they were subjected to a fine. Not only this, but the unlucky corkonians were prohibited from playing their brass band in front of their hall, by order of His Honor, the Mayor. Nice place, we don't think.

RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS opened in Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., April 25th, and stayed three nights, playing to a good business, although the weather was very bad during their stay. On the 28th ult. they opened at Albion.

A COMPANY of minstrels, under the title of Smith's Olympic Minstrels, commenced a series of performances at Mechanics' Hall, Norfolk, Va., on the 25th ult. The company comprises, amongst others, Ole Bull Myers, H. Walters, Harry Talbot, C. C. Lewis, Billy Fields, and J. P. Smith (manager.)

SEIFF'S MINSTRELS were at Dover, N. H., on the 30th ult.

HARRIS & CLIFTON'S MINSTRELS open the present week in Reading, for two nights; then to Lebanon, one night; and finish the week in Harrisburg.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS are to show at Paterson, N. J., on May 5th.

DUPREZ AND GREEN'S MINSTRELS have been remarkably successful in every direction in which they have travelled this season. In the eastern section of Uncle Sam's domain they were almost always greeted with full houses, and the same thing is being repeated now they are in the west. At Wheeling Va., on the 21st, and 22d ult., they had crowded houses, and in referring to their first entertainment there, the *Daily Register* says "Duprez and Green's Minstrels gave their first entertainment here last evening to a crowded house. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the very best exhibitions of the kind that we have ever witnessed. The music was excellent, the jokes good, and the order unexceptionable. Go early if you wish to secure a seat, as this is the last night they appear here." On the 22d ult., Manager Duprez piloted his troupe into Zanesville, Ohio.

THE MINSTREL TROUPE sent out into the mountains by Maguire, of San Francisco, for a few nights, has been doing very well. The party performed at Marysville one week, and then started on a tour through the interior towns, and over into Washoe. Backus, Bernard, Wilson, Abecco, Shattuck, De Angelis and Burbank comprised the party. We presume Abecco has concluded to remain where he is a while longer. He sent us a letter some months since saying that he would return to New York immediately.

HARRIS & CLIFTON'S MINSTRELS met with encouraging success during their perigrinations in New Jersey last week. In the company are Dick Black, Geo. Edwards, Dick McGowan, J. W. Charles, J. Norrie, S. Hosfield, J. J. Gunn, Geo. Hosfield, G. Clifton, Eugene German, Chas. Stevens, Frank Winslow, Wm. Sheehan, Thos. Yates, and Fred Helvy. J. L. Harris and Geo. Clifton are the proprietors. They are now on the eve of starting out west, and in due time expect to arrive in the West India Islands. A first rate tenor is wanted by the proprietors. See advertisement in this issue.

DAVE WAMBOLD was in Virginia City, April 5th, singing at Maguire's Opera House, without the burnt cork embellishments.

THE EUREKA MINSTRELS, San Francisco, continues to do a good business. Billy Birch, Wells, Coes, and several others of note, are scintillating in jetty brilliancy.

MANAGER HOOLEY is constantly producing novelties at his Opera House in Brooklyn. Among the new features offered this week will be "Casta Diva," scene from Norma, and the Grand Double Clog Medley. Brooklynites and others will always find a fund of amusement such as is provided nowhere else. The troupe is a good one in all its parts, and the fun and jollity that pervades the audiences, and the well-pleased look that each one wears at the close of each entertainment, is proof that all are pleased.

M. CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS appeared at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, on the 21st 22nd and 23d ult.; Reading 27th and 28th; Easton 29th; Elizabeth, N. J., 30th. They are billed for Rahway, May 2nd, New Brunswick May 3d, Hoboken May 4th.

THE BUCKLEYS at Boston continue to make their Opera House one of the leading places of amusement in that city. It is always well filled, and by people who enjoy themselves hugely. This week they produce a new burlesque called "15 minutes at Hotel de Cudjoe." But it is unnecessary to set forth all the good things up for this week, since every item on their programme is of the first stamp.

CHARLIE HALL, Ethiopian comedian, wishes an engagement with either circus, minstrels, or concert hall manager. See his card.

SKIFF'S MINSTRELS were at Dover, N. H., on the 29th ult.

G. W. CHARLES, dancer, who is a favorite in Philadelphia, has been re-engaged by Carncross & Dixey.

MANAGERS in want of a good and reliable agent, and one who has had considerable experience, will find an advertisement in this issue for a "posish."

Music Halls.

AT CANTERBURY HALL, Harrisburg, Pa., a lady vocalist and violinist are wanted by J. H. Donnell. See advertisement for address, etc.

AT TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Johnny Hart, Geo. McDonald, Harry Howland, Miss A Beckett and Mrs. McDonald are the principal attractions. They play one or two farces each night, in connection with negro eccentricities, etc. Uncle Ben Trimble announces "Ireland as it is," in active preparation.

AT BELLER'S CONCERT HALL, Chicago, there is at present a most excellent congregation of talent, to all appearance. Of the male persuasion, there are Tom Russel, W. B. Fox, Billy Hart, N. J. Talbot and Mons. Baptistin; of the female faith, M'lle Marietta Ravel, Emma Miles, Flora Leonetta, Ida Duval, and the Ronzani ballet troupe.

THE DARING TIGHT ROPE ARTIST, M'lle Marietta Ravel, has been performing her feat entitled "Daughter of the Regiment," on the tight rope, to delighted audiences at Beller's Concert Hall, Chicago. The lady performs the feat most gracefully, without a balance pole, executes the manual of arms, fires off a gun, extinguishing twelve lighted candles at one shot, etc. The marvelous Marietta may be engaged through Mr. M. W. Hanley. See advertisement.

AT THE CANTERBURY, Washington; Manager Lea introduced to his patrons a comedy combination consisting of Mrs. Frank, J. de Forrest and Sam Rainforth, who made their first appearance on the 25th ult., in the farces of "The Rough Diamond," "Sketches in India," and "A day in Paris." Since the addition of the dramatic troupe, the houses have been crowded. This week the prize drama of the "Mountain Outlaw," by John F. Poole, is announced.

AT THE VARIETIES, Chicago, they have one of the finest companies ever got together in a concert hall, so says "Claude." It will even rival "Them Three 4's."—M'lle Augusta is one of the finest *danseuses* we ever saw, "and we have seen a few." She is also one of the prettiest women in the profession. Miss Vick Howard is a very pleasing contralto, and "her pretty foot" nightly brings down "thunders of applause." The Ravel Troupe are all fine, and Mons. August is a splendid Juggler. Tim Hays, George Winship, T. H. Jefferson, and McAndrews are here yet, and form a strong team. The "Comic Violin Duet" is very amusing, and assists in making as splendid a bill as has ever been offered to a Chicago public.... Beller's is getting along finely. Marietta Ravel is a great favorite; as is also Little Eddy.

A. M. HERNANDEZ has produced a new pantomime at the Casino, Philadelphia, entitled the "Robbers of the Rhine." He has another in preparation called "The Struggle for Liberty."

THE PRETTY WAITER GIRLS are no more in Philadelphia; all the saloons received notice on the 27th that their services must be dispensed with. Alas, their "occupation's gone;" what will become of the Canterbury and the Opera Saloon remains to be seen, for without the waiter girls those places cannot survive.

THE BIJOU, Philadelphia, closed its doors on the 23rd ult. Harry Enoch, the proprietor, has gone to Washington.

DENNY GALLAGHER has accepted an engagement from Geo. Lea, and will open in Baltimore on the 2nd of May.

TIM HAYS, the well known clog dancer, is on hand to accept any challenge, for $1000 for himself and Dick Sands, to dance in Brooklyn or New York. For conditions and specifications, see advertisement in another column.

MLLE MEDEA, premier *danseuse,* seeks an engagement by advertising in this week's CLIPPER.

THE CASINO, Philadelphia, familiarly known as Fox's Casino, has passed into the hands of Chris. Norris, who is now the sole lessee. He advertises in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER for talent in the various departments of Music Hall amusements.

HARMONIO HALL, Cairo, Ill., with Frank Berger as stage manager, and Tom Baker and Tom Clannon as the principal attractions, a good business is doing.

MISS NELLIE HOWARD is creating quite a furore at the Canterbury, Washington, and receives nightly a hearty encore for her artistic and graceful jig dancing.

LEA'S MELODEON, Baltimore, Md., having been refitted and redecorated, is now doing a flourishing business with a versatile company, including Bob Hart, Denny Gallagher, Josh Hart, H. J. Raynor, and a full *corp de ballet.* Singers, dancers, acrobats, Ethiopian performers, and a first class ballet master, are wanted for this establishment. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

THE VARIETIES, Washington, D. C., is in full blast, with Fitz Simmons at the stage helm. See the stage manager's card in another column.

Circuses.

BAILEY'S CIRCUS COMPANY start west from St. Louis this week. They are billed for St. Charles, Mo., May 2d.

"OLD" CARY—of course, you know "Old" Cary, who has been manager of every kind of a "show," from a five-legged dog sideshow to a menagerie—is now out with a circus company. He was in Cairo, Ill., a week or two since, and, on his fourth night, some four or five hundred soldiers marched down, "jayhawked" the door-keeper, and "went in." Old Cary, who has a single eye to the finances, couldn't see the good of so extensive a free list, and accordingly announced that there would be no performance. But "our country's defenders" were determined to see the show, and so threatened to cut up the canvass and kill the horses if they didn't "go on with the show" The management, very sensibly, went on with the show—to the next town, as soon as the performance was over.

"CAN KEEP A HOTEL."—We are at a loss to account for it, but it is a fact that there are many whose highest ambition is to get a hotel to keep. But alas! alas! how few know how to keep one when they get it—that is, to the satisfaction of their customers. It is strange, but true, however, that they have two Bonifaces who can do that same thing in Wooster, Ohio; and we here record their names for the benefit of our circus brethren and others who journey that way; W. W. Hamilton and E. D. Ely. For an endorsement of the above remarks, we refer to Herr Driesbach, the wild beast tamer. See advertisements of United States Hall and Crandell's Exchange in this issue of the CLIPPER.

S. O. WHEELER & Co's. CIRCUS was at New Bedford, on the 28th, Newport, R. I., 29th, and Fall River 30th ult. The show was to go thence to Pawtucket and Providence.

LENT'S EQUESCURRICULUM was attached at Jersey City last week just after the performance. Eight writs of attachment for debt were served upon the proprietor, and the show taken possession of by an officer. The papers were served on the application of eleven men lately discharged by the proprietor. The manager denied the debt and gave bonds for a future appearance, whereupon the canvas, together with its gorgeous paraphernalia, was released, and the concern was over on Long Island the latter part of the week.

THE SETH HOWES' London Circus, with Crockett, the lion tamer, is at present organizing in Detroit, Mich., and will make its first stand at that city on the 9th inst. All the luggage vans are being built in this city.

DAN RICE took Buffalo by storm with his "Great Show" on the 27th, 28th, and 29th ult. He was billed for Rochester on the 3d and 4th. Charles L. Phelps continues in the capacity of advertising "mee jum" for Dan, and the crowds who flock into his "canopy" is a wholesale evidence of his success in that particular.

VAN AMBURGH & Co's Menagerie exhibits as follows: Hartford, May 2d and 3d; Broad Brook, 4th; Stafford Springs, 5th; Willimantic, 6th; Colchester, 7th; New London, 9th; Norwich, 10th. Business is fine, but bills are terrific. In some places they can get oats three for two cents, but a cent apiece is the usual price. The new variegated canvas makes a magnificent appearance; it is a show of itself. The parade on going into town is said to surpass anything of the kind ever given in this country—it is much ahead of that made last year. The collection of animals is more varied and contains a greater number of exceedingly rare animals than have ever traveled in one show. Of course it gives the very highest satisfaction wherever it goes.

CIRCUS MANAGERS, and others, who intend erecting their canvas in Albany, should go one eye on H. Brower's advertisement in this issue, describing a certain extensive lot of ground on Hudson, Jay, and Swan streets, well adapted for a show.

YANKEE ROBINSON pitches canvas at Peoria, Ill., on the 7th inst., for the first time this season.

STONE AND ROSSTON'S Circus is billed for Paterson, N. J., on the 6th of May.

WE HAVE just received notice that our friend, G. Chiarini, the proprietor of the *Gran Circo de Chiarini,* Havana, Island of Cuba, starts for the City of Mexico on the 8th of May, with a splendid Equestrian Company; in the formation of which, regardless of expense, he has blended together equestrian, terpsichorean and gymnastic talent, in a manner perhaps never surpassed in America. His trick ponies and Monage horses, which are acknowledged by professionals to stand unsurpassed for originality and elegance, together with his two apprentices, Berlen and Theodora Cuba, the little negro boy and girl, to whom he has given their freedom, after making them two of the finest artists, as equestrians and dancers, of the age; are alone a big attraction. In connection with these are the following artists: La Senorita Olivera, the distinguished Spanish equestrian; Miss Palmira Halloway, the graceful English rider; Little Katie, the interesting child rider; and the fascinating *danseuse* and *equestrienne,* Senorita Josephina Chiarini; the famed Spanish gymnasts, the Orosco Brothers, lately from Madrid; Benoit Tournere; the celebrated dancer, Senor Vellarde; the quaint Andalusian jester, Rodrigues; the great contortionist, Mr. Martin; the equilibrist, Mons. Augustin; the child gymnast, Camilo, in his daring act of Zampillaerostation; with a host of auxiliaries, all under the able equestrian management of Mr. Chiarini. These, in unison with his magnificent stud of horses and gorgeous paraphernalia, will attract and astonish the dwellers in the Halls of the Montezumas.

Amateur.

THE TORONTO (C. W.) Dramatic Club gave a performance at its hall on the 12th ult., for the benefit of Mr. C. A. Scadding. The farce of "A Frightfully Desperate Deed," and the equestrian drama of "Dick Turpin" were performed.

Miscellaneous.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, were to appear at Laing's New Hall, Leavenworth, Kansas (under the engagement of W. J. Kent Esq.), on April 25th, 26th and 27th. Their success everywhere is very great. The St. Joseph *Daily Herald* in speaking of their concerts in that city, says: "THE ALLEGHANIANS.—This renowned troupe of Vocalists and Bell Ringers have just concluded two of their inimitable entertainments in this city. Thursday night the large Hall in Corby's Block was crowded with the *elite* of St. Joseph. Indeed, we never saw so many people in that building before. Last night was rainy, dark and disagreeable, and we went to the Hall expecting to find a meagre attendance; but again it was a perfect jam—not even standing room to be had in the hall. Everybody was delighted with the performance. The music of the bells is truly marvelous as well as charming. Boulard sang 'The Old Sexton,' and 'The Ivy Green,' as none but he can sing it, while Miss Hiffert was loudly encored in every appearance. Galloway is a side-splitter on 'Lady Nancys' and 'Cork Legs.'"

THE FOLLOWING card published in the St. Joseph (Mo.) *Daily Tribune* speaks for itself. Prof. (?) Foote would do a better *trade* if he would confine himself to his old business, "the horse," and give up music "Conventions." A CARD.—I was astonished to see my name in yesterday morning's paper as one of the committee for getting up a musical convention and concert under the direction of a Prof. Foote. As no one asked me to participate (while several gentlemen were running from house to house to get the people interested in the affair), I think I have a right to ask, who is this Mr. Foote? I will state here that I will have nothing to do with the getting up of such worthless compositions as "Esther" etc. I would also consider it injurious to the reputation of our best vocalists to engage in such poor trash as the above. St. Joseph, April 21st. OTTO EHR.

CURIOUS INSTANCES of animals which have lost their young adopting and rearing the young of other species, are mentioned by the naturalists. A case of this kind may be seen at Burnell & Prescott's, St. Louis. A large gray cat which had lost its kittens, was presented with three young foxes, which she immediately adopted, and has undertaken the task of bringing them up, and superintending the education of the young reynards. The "old cat" evinces a motherly fondness for her young foundlings, nursing and purring over them the same as if they were her own children. This strange affection doubtless springs from those maternal feelings which the loss of her kittens had awakened in her breast, and she has become as much delighted with her new progeny as if they had been her own offspring. The little foxes were brought from the country where they were found in an old stump after the mother was killed.

THE MRS. EUGENE RAVEL TROUPE was at Dover, N. H., on the 27th and 28th ult.

MCALLISTER THE YOUNGER was at Memphis, Tenn., on the 20th ult.

C. JEROME HOPKINS gives a concert at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on May 3d, being the second choral festival of the Choir Boys from the Orpheon Free Chorister Schools.

PROF. LOVE, the Illusionist, was at Trinidad, W. I., on the 28th of March, giving entertainments.

PROF. KARL KAHR was at Winona, Minn., on the 28th ult., and remained three days. On the 2d inst, the Prof. was announced to open at St. Paul, and continue there three days.

THE ZANFRETTA BROTHERS, Masters Jimmy and Daniel, can be engaged by addressing James R. Keefe, as instructed in an advertisement in these columns.

AN ADVANCE agent wishes a situation to travel with some company. See his card in our advertising department.

CAPT. WILLIAMS started his Whaling Voyage, at Wheeling, Va., on the 25th of April, to run one week.

A GENTLEMAN possessing a fine mezzo soprano voice, and who is also skilled in playing the melodeon, advertises in this issue for an engagement with either a located or travelling company.

THOMAS THUMB and family "hold levees" at Oswego on the 11th and 12th of May.

THE LADIES of the Soldier's Aid Society gave a tableaux entertainment in Oswego on the 28th ult., the proceeds of which were about $500. Pretty well for little Oswego. They were to do it again on the 29th.

J. E. SWEETZER, eccentric comedian, was giving entertainments at Utica last week, and will show forth at Schenectady on the 5th and 6th inst.

HUBBARD'S POLYORAMA of the War will exhibit at Holyoke, Mass., on the 3d and 4th inst.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE Troupe will show at Portland, Me., on the 4th and 5th inst.

DICK CUNNINGHAM, well known in the show business as a comic singer and low comedian, is now Colonel Commanding at Fort Anderson, Paducah, Ky. Col. Dick has now been in the service of Uncle Sam nearly three years, working his way up from high private through the various gradations to his present position, and he now wears the buzzards on his shoulders. He was in command of Fort Anderson on the 25th of March, when he and his command had the satisfaction of whipping Gen. Forrest and his troops. At one time it was reported that Dick was dead, but his own hand write informs us that he "still lives."

OSMAN E. DODGE'S first concert in San Francisco was attended by about twelve hundred persons, but his style of entertainment was considered somewhat antiquated, and not up to the *exigeant* requirements of that rather faster place and time present. But he is a live man, quick to observe, ever on the lookout, and not too old to learn.

PROF. J. W. MCALLISTER was at Evansville, Ind., on the 30th ult., and was to remain there on the 2nd; thence to Paducah, Ky., on the 4th, for three nights; New Albany, Ind., on the 9th, for two nights; Jeffersonville the 11th; Louisville, Ky., the 12th, for three nights; and open at Odd Fellow's Hall, Nashville, on the 16th inst., for two weeks.

ALEXANDRE VATTEMARE, well known in this city as "Her Alexander," the sleight of hand performer, died in Paris, lately, aged sixty-seven years. Having amassed a sufficiency of wealth to live upon comfortably, M. Vattemare retired from the profession, and for several years devoted himself to the organization of a system of "international exchange" of books between all nations. This became the hobby of the old gentleman's life and his whole subject of thought and conversation.

AMUSEMENTS.

VARIETIES MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
THE GREAT
FIRST CLASS AMUSEMENT EXCHANGE,
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
FITZ SIMMONS, FITZ SIMMONS,
STAGE MANAGER, THEATRICAL ADVERTISER,
AND DRAMATIST,
for the last three years identified with the
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL,
AUTHOR OF OVER
20 SUCCESSFUL ACTING PLAYS,
performed with flattering success in Washington, as two of these copyrighted prize dramas were witnessed by over 40,000 persons each, their titles the
BELLE OF WASHINGTON, OR FROM THE ALTAR TO THE DISSECTING TABLE.
FEMALE PICKPOCKET, OR HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN THE CAPITAL CITY,
Running over 50 representations each, and their attractions endorsed by the Editorial approval of the leading Journals of Washington, attracting the critical presence and hearty approbation of the prominent people of the day as well as the
HEADS OF THE VARIED GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.
Fitz Simmon's second year of engagement as Stage Manager, Theatrical Advertiser and Dramatist of the Varieties, previously connected with the first class Theatres of this City.
☞ NOTE.—Parties corresponding with Mr. Fitz Simmons, are notified that his present engagement at the Varieties is rapidly attaining its fulfillment, therefore letters for him will be addressed
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FITZ SIMMONS,
Stage Manager, Theatrical Advertiser and Dramatist,
"WASHINGTON VARIETIES." 4-2t*

CHARLIE HALL, Ethiopian Comedian, wishes an engagement with Travelling Minstrel, Circus, or Concert Hall Managers. Business—End Man, Stump Speech, Double Act and Pathetic Ballads. Address CHARLIE HALL, CLIPPER Office. 4-1t*

TO MANAGERS.---A Gentleman who possesses a fine Mezzo Soprano voice, which cannot be distinguished from a lady's, wishes a situation in some travelling or stationary troupe as Soprano Singer. Has also a scientific knowledge of Melodeon playing. Address
PERCY STANLEY,
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TO SHOWMEN, STARS, or any other man.--- Wanted a situation as Agent or Manager by a competent man, who has a thorough knowledge of the duties of an Agent; is not afraid of hard work; don't drink whiskey, or play billiards, and has a thorough knowledge of the United States and Canadas. No Company or Star need answer unless they are FIRST CLASS, and CAN PAY a good salary. Address AGENT, No. 147 Court street, Room No. 2, Boston, Mass. 4-1f

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CANTERBURY
MUSIC HALL
and
THEATRE,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.

The above favorite place of amusement still continues its uninterrupted course of prosperity. It defies the Concert Room World to equal it in
THE EXCELLENCE OF ITS ENTERTAINMENT,
THE STERLING ABILITY OF ITS ARTISTES,
THE RESPECTABILITY OF ITS PATRONS,
and in order to merit the encomiums daily bestowed upon it by a discriminating public, the proprietor has determined to surpass all former efforts in producing
NOVELTY,
TALENT,
and
ATTRACTION.

The following Artistes are now performing at the Canterbury, Washington:—
GREAT COMEDY COMBINATION.
MRS. FRANK DREW,
The Greatest Comedienne of the day.
MR. J. DE FORREST,
Comedian from Niblo's Garden, N. Y.
W. B. CAVENAUGH,
Irish Comedian and Vocalist.
J. J. DOUGHERTY,
Eccentric Comedian.
W. H. WILLIAMS,
Popular Personator of "Old Men."
MISS LUCY CLIFTON,
The Admired Low Comedy Lady.
With a full
DRAMATIC COMPANY,
seldom seen in the City of Washington.
THE ETHIOPIAN DEPARTMENT
is comprised of the best in the profession. Viz.:
JOHN MULLIGAN,
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DELEHANTY and WARD,
THE CHAMPION CLOG DANCERS OF AMERICA.

This association is backed by One Thousand Dollars—money always ready, by addressing Geo. Lea.

THE BALLET
IS
ANOTHER GREAT FEATURE,
Embracing
SIXTEEN YOUNG LADIES,
The principal members consisting of the following names:
JENNIE FORREST,
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LOUISA ROLETTE,
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MISS ST. CLAIR,
MISS DREW,
FLORENCE RIVERS, &c.
THE CHAMPION LADY JIG DANCERS,
MISS NELLY HOWARD,
and
MISS NAOMI PORTER
THE LADY VOCALISTS,
MISS JENNIE ENGEL,
and
MISS ESTELLE FORREST.
The entire Company attached to the Canterbury numbers nearly
ONE HUNDRED PERFORMERS.
Popular Family Matinee
EVERY SATURDAY,
For Ladies and Children.

Academy of Music,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
GEORGE LEA.....Manager.

The following Artistes are now playing a most brilliant engagement at the above establishment:—
MISS JULIA MORTIMER,
MISS AGNES SUTHERLAND,
MISS MILLIE and CLARA FOWLER
M'LLE KATERINA,
DORA DAWRON.
TWO GRAND BALLET TROUPES,
The French Ballet Troupe under the direction of Mons. Tophoff.
The Spanish Ballet Troupe under the supervision of M'lle Katerina.
MONS. VERRECKE,
MARTINI CHIRISKI,
THE ZANFRETTA FAMILY,
MONS. GIBBONNOISE,
CHARLES G. COLLINS,
ANDREW LEAVITT,
BILLY EMERSON,
MIKE MCKENNA,
WILLIS ARMSTRONG,
And the entire Troupe, forming
THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF TALENT
Ever witnessed in any establishment in the world.

Artists of well known ability will consult their own interests by first applying for engagements to
GEORGE LEA,
as he has facilities for employing

AMUSEMENTS.

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We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

BRYANTS' OPERA HOUSE.

Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following Talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT,

NEIL BRYANT,	J. B. SIVORI,
DAVE REED,	FRANK LESLIE,
GEORGE S. FOWLER,	J. W. HILTON,
T. GETTINGS,	JAMES MORRISON,
JAMES GARATAGUA,	G. S. CONNOR,
W. L. HOBBS,	DAN EMMETT, and
NELSE SEYMOUR,	

LITTLE MAC,
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars, see bills of the day.
Tickets of Admission 25 cents. 2-tf

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The best Minstrel Entertainment in the world, given by the following well known Artists:—

G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	A. HUGHES,	S. S. PURDY,
W. S. BUDWORTH,	H. MUDGE,	J. STONE,
J. A. HERMAN,	C. CAMPBELL,	G. A. PARKERSON,
C. HUNNEMAN,	E. HASLAM,	W. EWERS,
C. FRUMMEL,	P. JONES,	and others.

Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 2-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS & CO'S MINSTRELS.

OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
COMMENCED THEIR SEVENTH REGULAR SEASON,
MONDAY, AUGUST 3d.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS,

EPH HORN,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER,
D. W. BOARDMAN,	JAPANESE TOMMY.

The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 30 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
3-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS,

STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
H. S. RUMSEY, C. HILLSBURGH, } Proprietors and Managers.
O. C. PUTNAM, Treasurer.
MAMMOTH DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.
Consisting of the following Twenty Talented Artists, each one a Star in his line:—

H. RUMSEY,	JOHNNY PIERCE,	W. MANNING,
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MAST. WALTERS,	J. H. CLIFFORD,	HARRY PERKINS,
FERD SCHWITZER,	NED WEST,	C. E. RUMSEY,

J. H. CARLTON,
S. LEMAIRE,
DAN TONGE,
E. M. PARMLEE,
ARTHUR KENNEDY,
Are now on a successful tour through the Canadas, after which they will open in Buffalo, thence eastward.
51-tf W. BEAUMONT DUHRING, Agent.

BOWERS & PRENDERGAST'S

MINSTRELS.
The above Company will travel for a short season previous to the opening of their
NEW OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.
The Company is comprised of the following Gentlemen:

E. BOWERS,	T. B. PRENDERGAST,
J. H. BUDWORTH,	J. BLACKBURN,
F. WYANT,	T. SIMPSON,
C. BARRATT,	J. CLARK,
L. NEVERS,	E. FAGEN,
G. REMIG,	S. RICHTER,
H. W. WALSH,	R. THOMPSON,
R. WILLIAMS,	E. BURNETT,

T. JACOBS.
We resort to no extravagant "Puffs," no "Grand Outside Display;" we rely upon the merits of our entertainments, and the reputation of the above Gentlemen.
A COMPLETE VOCAL QUARTETTE,
A COMPLETE ORCHESTRA,
A COMPLETE FIRST CLASS
ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENT.
Admission ..... 25 cents.
E. BOWERS, T. B. PRENDERGAST, } Managers.
43-tf

THE LEADING MODEL TROUPE

OF THE AGE.
TWENTY-FOUR
BRILLIANT ETHIOPIAN STARS,
Defying and far excelling all competition, not even excepting soft
IRON CLAD MINSTRELSY.
THE WORLD OUTDONE
By the famous and ever popular
DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.
The largest, oldest and most complete Troupe ever organized and brought before the public, introducing four unequalled Comedians in the persons of Charley Reynolds, Lew Benedict, J. E. Green and Harry Stanwood.
A MAMMOTH ORCHESTRA
of Fourteen Artistic Musicians, each one being a soloist and master of his peculiar instrument.
THE LION CHAMPION QUARTETTE
of the nineteenth century, composed of the renowned Signor Gustavo Bidaux, J. E. Green, Edwin Holmes, and Gonsalvo Bishop, admitted by all good judges and critics to be the best Quartette ever heard in the profession.
A BRASS BAND OF SIXTEEN PIECES,
Led by Alphonse Bergeron, the Royal Cornettist of Canada, pronounced to be the most extensive and finest Band traveling.
The whole of the above combination of talent appear in an original and
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
nightly, before crowded houses—in many instances hundreds of people are turned away from the doors.
The largest Halls in the country will not hold the immense audiences who rush to see and hear this unapproachable organization.
THE GIGANTIC POSTER
used for advertising by this Company is the most magnificent and gorgeous piece of design and artistic work ever seen. It is fourteen feet high and twenty-five feet long, worked in fine colors, being the most costly (and nineteen sheets larger than any) bill ever before printed in the world, and which cost nearly two thousand dollars. The first two of these Posters were put up in New York, in the Central Park, for the public to gaze on and feast in Printers' Ink to their heart's content. It covers nearly four hundred square feet surface. Large Mammoth Boards are erected at great expense in every city to put up this ornament, and every body is amazed, and look upon it with perfect astonishment as such an enormous enterprise.
The Troupe are again on an extensive tour throughout the Eastern Country, just before their departure for the Canadas, the great West and the South.
For full particulars see programmes of the day.
On the arrival at each city the Brass Band will march from the depot to the hotel.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
T. C. GREEN, SAM POND, } Agents.
2

CAPT. J. B. SMITH,

The well known Manager and Advertiser, with
MISS LIZZIE B. SMITH,
The accomplished Vocalist and Comedian, together with the
CELEBRATED TRAINED HORSE, BELL BEAUTY,
Bring the first horse that ever played with a lady equestrian in Mazeppa: Bell Beauty appearing under Capt. Smith's management with MISS ADAH MENKEN during her first engagement in her EQUESTRIAN CHARACTER OF MAZEPPA,
wish to secure engagements. Proprietors can engage the services of the Captain to Manage, he having the advantage of several years' experience, being thoroughly posted and capable of producing all the Equestrian Dramas now played, together with all the FAIRY SPECTACLES. He has also a quantity of Wardrobe, New Pieces, Properties, Music, and Wood Cuts. The services of Capt. Smith and Miss Lizzie B. Smith can be engaged with or without the horse, by addressing CAPT. J. B. SMITH,
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THE ROCHESTER DAILY EVENING EXPRESS is the favorite journal among the amusement loving public of Rochester and vicinity.

Connected with the paper is an extensive JOB PRINTING establishment, and Showmen are furnished with Posters, Programmes, Show Cards, Tickets, &c., at reasonable rates.

Showmen patronising the Express will find that ample attention will be given their entertainments in the local columns, the best medium of advertising. 1-tf

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MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
A. MONTPELIER ..... Proprietor and Manager
D. T. CORRIE ..... Stage Manager
The finest place of amusement in America.
Ladies and gentlemen of reputation and ability always wanted. Address as above. 51-3m*

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,

514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c. ..... HENRY WOOD.
MONDAY, May 2, and every evening during the week,
THE VOTE
FOR THE
ARMY SWORD.
Every lady and gentleman can vote without extra charge.
UNCLE SNOW,
HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES,
PHILHARMONIC GERMANIA REHEARSAL,
HAMLET,
GIDEON'S BAND,
GOING TO THE FAIR, &c.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager ..... WM. WHEATLEY
CHANGE OF TIME.—Doors open at 7½; to commence at a quarter before 8.
MONDAY EVENING, May 2d, 1864, and avery evening.
Last week of the unprecedented engagement of
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
Last week of Chas. Gayler's new Irish drama of
THE CONNIE SOOGAH;
Or, THE JOLLY PEDDLER.
Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS in his original character of CORNEY McGRATH, with the songs of "Ellen Astore" and the "Irish Wedding."
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS
in her original character of NELLY NOLAN, the Jumping Jewel.
Will be speedily produced, John Brougham's Grand Romantic Spectacular Drama (the present theatrical sensation of London), entitled BEL DEMONIO,
which, after many months preparation, will be presented, with an Excellent Cast, Beautiful New Scenery, Splendid Appointments, New and Costly Costumes, Original Music, Premier Danseuses and Grand Ballet.
Seats secured six days in advance.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor ..... MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, May 2d, 1864.
GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE DAY.
Engagement for a limited period with the celebrated melo-dramatic actress and equestrienne,
MISS KATE VANCE,
whose triumphs in the Great West have been marked by the universal approbation of both press and public.
Revival of the gorgeous spectacle of
MAZEPPA;
OR, THE WILD HORSE OF TARTARY.
MISS KATE VANCE will appear in her unapproachable impersonation of Mazeppa, in which character she will ascend and descend to and from the extreme height of the theatre; also making the Perilous Flight around the first circle of boxes while bound to the back of the Wild Horse of Tartary. Miss Vance will introduce for the first time in New York her magnificent steed
DON JUAN.
The drama of the
CHARCOAL BURNER.
MRS. W. G. JONES.
TEDDY THE TILER.

485 BROADWAY THEATRE, 485

B'way. Corner of Broome Street. B'way.
GEORGE WOOD ..... Manager.
IMMENSE SUCCESS
OF
SIMMONS,
the renowned
BALSILCONTHAUMATURGIST.
who will appear
EVERY EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK,
AND
SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT 2½.
George Wood has the pleasure of announcing that he has assumed the management of the above theatre, and that a large sum of money has been invested in refitting it and in
ELABORATE DECORATION AND UPHOLSTERY,
with the view of restoring it to its
PRISTINE BEAUTY AND POPULARITY.
In the effort to accomplish this object the most
RECHERCHE ARTISTIC TALENT
has been called in aid. In verification of this statement the
CHASTE AND ELEGANT FRESCOES
which adorn the walls have been designed and executed by the celebrated artist
MR. A. ERTLE
AND ASSISTANTS,
of 545 Broadway.
With the desire of presenting to the public the
FRESHEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE
NOVELTIES,
the management has effected an engagement for a brief period with
SIMMONS,
THE
EUROPEAN AND JAPANESE ILLUSIONIST,
whose wondrous skill eclipses the fame of Houdin, Frockill, Herrmann, Anderson and Bosco. In honor of his debut in New York the theatre will be converted into an
IMMENSE MIRADOR,
from which will be seen the
ILLUSORY MIRACLES
OF THE
AUTOCRAT OF THE WORLD OF MAGIC,
who will be aided by
NO GLITTERING APPARATUS,
and abetted by
NO CONFEDERATES.
For full particulars see posters, programmes and descriptive pamphlets.
Box office open daily.
Due notice will be given of the commencement of the Dramatic Season. 4-1t*

OLYMPIC, 622 and 624 Broadway.

Lessee and Directress ..... MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager ..... J. H. SELWYN
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 2d, 1864,
BENEFIT
OF
MR. FRANK DREW,
On which occasion will be presented for the first time at this Theatre, the Comic Drama entitled
HANDY ANDY.
Handy Andy ..... Mr. Frank Drew
After which, the Extravagant Extravaganza entitled
MAZEPPA;
OR, THE FIERY UNTAMED ROCKING HORSE.
Mrs. John Wood ..... as ..... Olinska
Mr. Frank Drew ..... as ..... Cassimer
New Scenery, New Music, and the Original Barebacked Steed.
TUESDAY EVENING, May 3d, the performances will consist of (for the first time at this theatre) the comedietta entitled
A HANDSOME HUSBAND
and
LOYALINA.
Doors open at 7¾, performances commence at 7¾.
Seats secured three days in advance.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

Lessee, Director and Manager ..... G. L. FOX
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 2d and 3d,
SHAKESPEARE'S SUBLIME CREATION,
MACBETH,
KING OF SCOTLAND.

Macbeth	Mr. J. B. Studley
Macduff	Mr. G. W. Thompson
First Witch	Mr. G. L. Fox
Second Witch	Mr. C. K. Fox
Hecate	Mr. Harry Chapman
Banquo	Mr. C. Nichols
Malcolm	Mr. C. Foster
Rosse	Mr. J. McCluskey
Lady Macbeth	Miss R. Denvil
First Singing Witch	Miss Fanny Herring
Second Singing Witch	Mrs. H. Chapman

Introducing all the Original Music.
Shakespearian Overture by the Orchestra.
To conclude with the Spectacular Drama of the
FLYING DUTCHMAN.
Vanderdecken ..... Miss Fanny Herring
Peter Von Bummel ..... Mr. G. L. Fox

BANJO INSTRUCTION.

BANJO INSTRUCTION
BY
GEO. C. DOBSON & BRO.,
691 BROADWAY, 691 BROADWAY,
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Few doors from Amity Street.
691 BROADWAY.
Our method is New and Original, so simple that it can be explained in a few minutes, after which the Pupil can play at sight most any of the
POPULAR MINSTREL MELODIES.
PROFESSIONAL BANJOS,
such as used by the entire Minstrel profession, neatly packed and sent to any address on the receipt of $15 by mail.
We refer to the
MINSTREL PROFESSION
throughout the country.
GEO. C. DOBSON & BRO.,
4-1t* 691 Broadway, N. Y.

TIM HAYES, the Champion Clog Dancer of the

World, having noticed in Geo. Lea's advertisement in the CLIPPER that two cloggists claiming to be champions have laid open a challenge of $1,000, desires us to state that he will accept it, or anybody else's challenge, in behalf of
DICK SANDS
and himself.
Parties wishing to compete with these gentlemen for the
CHAMPIONSHIP AND $1,000,
are kindly requested to deposit a forfeit of $250 with the Editor of the CLIPPER, and it will be met by Messrs. Hayes and Sands immediately. They desire that the test should be in New York or Brooklyn, and their proposition will be open three months.

Mr. Hayes will dance individually against any man in the world for the same amount.
Cloggists, Hornpipers, Hop-lite-loolsts, Hamfatters, and Dancers of whatsoever character will please understand that this Challenge is made in good faith, and that the words are backed by dollars. 4-1t*

M'LLE MEDEA,

PREMIER DANSEUSE,
Is open to accept short engagements after May 20th, 1864. Address her at Parker's Opera House, Alexandria, Va. 4-1t*

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BOSTON.
The Fall and Winter season of this favorite establishment will commence August 15th—next.
Stars wishing nights, will address
HENRY WILLARD, Lessee,
4-3m Boston.

AMUSEMENTS.

OCEANA!!!

THE STAR OF THE WEST!!

OCEANA! THE BEAUTIFUL and DARING EQUESTRIENNE AND PANTOMIMIC ACTRESS,
Acknowledged by the press and the public to be
THE MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD,
WITH
H. B. GATES' HIGHLY TRAINED HORSE,
BLACK BESS,
THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA.
OCEANA'S Extensive Repertoire embraces the following
EQUESTRIAN DRAMAS.
MAZEPPA.
PAULINE DE ESTRAYE, THE FRENCH SPY,
THE HORSE THIEF'S LEAP, THE BORDER SPY,
JACK SHEPPARD, THE RIDE FOR LIFE,
YELVY AND HER FLYING STEED,
THE CHILD OE THE PRAIRIE, SIXTEEN STRING JACK,
MIKE MARTIN, DICK TURPIN,
and the highly Romantic Spectacular Pantomime of
DON JUAN,
TOGETHER WITH ENTIRE NEW AND SPLENDID WOOD CUTS.
Managers wishing to engage this celebrated actress will please address JAMES CONNER & CO., Business Agents,
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HARRIS & CLIFTON'S

EXCELSIOR MINSTREL TROUPE
AND BRASS BAND,
EIGHTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
This unique Troupe of Metropolitan Artistes, acknowledged to be by far the best company now travelling.
OBSERVE THE POWERFUL ARRAY OF TALENT.
DICK BLACK, Tamborinist and Comedian,
GEO. EDWARDS Bones and Eccentric Comedian,
DICK McGOWAN, Banjo Soloist and Comedian,
J. W. CHARLES, Personator of Female Characters,
J. NORRIE, Interrogator and Basso,
PROF. S. HOSFIELD, Leader of Orchestra,
J. J. GUNN, Flute Piccolo and Alto Horn,
GEO. HOSFIELD, Second Violin and Tenor Horn,
G. CLIFTON, Flagiolet,
EUGENE GORMAN, Flutinist and Comedian,
CHAS. STEVENS, Vocal Director and Alto,
FRANK WINSLOW, Second Violin and Guitar,
WM. SHEEHAN, Leader of Brass Band,
THOS. YATES, Double Bass and Tuber,
GEO. EDMONDS, B Flat Cornet,
and F. V. CONWAY, Clarionet and Baritone.
Balcony Serenade each evening, previous to opening of the doors, by the
BRASS BAND.
For particulars see small bills.
☞ The above talented Troupe is now on an extended tour, viz.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and West India Islands.
J. L. HARRIS, GEO. CLIFTON, } Sole Proprietors.
4-1t* HARRY WILLIAMS, Business Agent.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,

BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.
THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at

BUFFALO,	CHICAGO,	LOUISVILLE,
TOLEDO,	ST. PAUL,	NASHVILLE,
DETROIT,	ST. LOUIS,	MEMPHIS,
MILWAUKIE,	CINCINNATI,	NEW ORLEANS,

Returning to the East next season.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
C. A. BOYD, Leader of Orchestra.
E. T. BLACKMAN, Vocal Director.
FRANK BOWLES, Leader of Brass Band.
FRANK CILLEY, WM. H. DAVIS, CHAS. UNDERWOOD, } Advertising Agents.
4-6m

INTERESTING

TO TRAVELLING COMPANIES THROUGH CANADA.
WM. RICHARDSON has removed from the American Hotel to the INTERNATIONAL (formerly the Burlington), KING STREET, EAST HAMILTON, C. W., where he is better prepared to accommodate the travelling companies through that section of country, and will be happy to wait on his old friends from the United States. Dealers in horses would do well to give him a call. Having more convenience and a much larger house, he can commend himself to all. WM. RICHARDSON,
4-4t* Hamilton, C. W.

CRANDEL'S EXCHANGE,

WOOSTER, OHIO.
E. D. ELY, Proprietor.
The very best accommodations for Travellers, Circus, Theatrical and Show People.
Stabling for 100 horses 4-tf

U. S. HALL, Wooster City,

WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO.
W. W. HAMILTON, Proprietor.
This spacious and newly fitted up establishment is now open for the Show folks and Travellers generally.
It is situated nearly in the centre of the city; has a dining room for eighty people; stabling for sixty horses, and shed room for fifty more.
The whole under the personal superintendence of that prince of hotel keepers, W. W. Hamilton. 4-tf

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The SLITER BROTHERS, Masters James and Johnny, 11 years of age, appear each evening in their great act,
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The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays each evening in front of the hall.
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Grand re-opening Monday evening, April 11th, 1864. We do not claim that everything on our programme is
NOVEL, ENTERTAINING,
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But we do positively assert that we have the best lady singers, the best lady dancers, the best comic singers, the best Ethiopian comedians, the greatest variety and the most satisfactory entertainment ever given in this city, among whom may be mentioned Miss Mary Walton, the fascinating and bird-like songstress. Miss Fanny Thompson, the pleasing danseuse, and Annapolis favorite. Miss Moreste, the pleasing danseuse. Jennie Drew, the versatile comedienne and fascinating danseuse. Pony Smith, the great negro delineator. J. H. Moreste, the great gymnast performer. Bob Lindley, the celebrated banjoist. Frank Lum, the great comic singer, and a host of others, who will appear in Songs, Glees, Burlesques, Dances, Pantomimes, &c., &c.
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The most unanimous tokens of approval,
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The company is Perfection in all its details.
THE MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN TROUPE,
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An Entire Change of Programme Every Week.
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the quintessence of comicalities, and without exception the best Dramatic Actor in the concert profession.
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the celebrated Irish Comedian and Vocalist.
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the best Song and Dance Man in the country.
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MISS LAURA LE CLAIRE,
MISS LAURA LE CLAIRE,
MISS LAURA LE CLAIRE,
the great Versatile Actress, Vocalist and Danseuse, whose great success in the character, Fortunato, in the drama of the "Brigand's Oath," has been pronounced by press and public to be the success of the season.
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the best Lady Vocalist on the stage.
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PERFORMERS OF ACKNOWLED ABILITY
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THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, and young fe-

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